THE NEW REPUBLIC

Escape from the Bomb

Lester Grinspoon and E. James Liebman

MacWonder's Plunge

Alastair Burnet

Report to the AMA

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Quack, Quack, Quack

★ On August 27 CBS had a documentary – the four days before World War II. It was powerful and agonizing. When cameras shifted to America everyone parroted, "Let Europe fight – it's not our war!" What a lot we have learned, I thought.

But on the same night NBC's "Meet the Press" interviewed rough-tough GOP national chairman, Representative Miller (NY), Republicans will support Kennedy, he said grimly, "so long as he is firm." He said it as one sensing betrayal. He never defined "firm." But in Laos (where Kennedy extricated us from a peripheral war) the President wasn't firm, he said angrily. In Cuba, Miller – a supporter of the Bash Castro school – said Kennedy hadn't been firm either. Asked if he would negotiate in Berlin he demanded menacingly what there was to negotiate about? We must be firm. It was like a duck – quack, quack, quack.

Kennedy is no fool; he knows that Republicans will cry bipartisanship while the crisis lasts and denounce him for softness and over-spending thereafter. Learned much since 1939? I wonder.

In a rather dull and routine session of Congress the prestige of two men has been enhanced – Senator Goldwater on the radical Right, and Senator Fulbright in the liberal middle. There has been a polarization round these two. The GOP has been drifting rightwards. Goldwater, dashing, handsome, romantic, tells them what they yearn to hear: be tough abroad – and cut spending at home. Ignore world opinion, bash Castro, and oust Kennedy's "muddle-minded" advisers – that is Goldwater's program aimed straight at the adrenal glands. By contrast Fulbright's level-voiced commonsense, delivered in a tone of weary reasonableness as one addressing a convention of women's clubs, seems radical by contrast.

The two men came to sharpest issue when Fulbright intervened to get the Defense Department to muzzle proto-Fascist military brass who were "educating" the public against Communism by identifying every liberal cause with it. They were criticizing the patriotism of the taxpayers who hired them. The *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, for example, says V. Adm. Robert Goldthwaite, chief of the Pensacola Naval Air Station, instructed officers going home on leave to use the monthly magazine of the John Birch Society to "strengthen our nation" in the Cold War. To Fulbright's success here, Goldwater fumed that he was "throttling the military."

Selective Punishment

★ Then we read about Charles Kamen (21) who outraged Miami Rotarians by taking the floor and trying to answer the distorted film *Operation Abolition*. Kamen was being processed for the Peace Corps when the Rotary got on his trail and induced his Miami draft board to refuse deferment. The board publicly pilloried Kamen by announcing that he would be better in service "where he would be taught Americanism, than in the Peace Corps, where he would teach it."

It seems to us that almost every value in this incident is wrong. The film itself seemed to us extremely questionable. Young people should be encouraged to have views on public matters even though their expression is often disconcerting. But above all the draft is not an instrument for punishment. Shall we sentence people to the Army for stealing? It is not merely that youths will be frightened by their draft-exempt elders from speaking their minds but that the whole conception of the draft itself will change. Heretofore the draft has been like the income tax, disagreeable but democratic. The Selective Service System has succeeded because at its root, it is decent and honorable – it is a very grave step indeed when angry men change it from an obligation into a punishment.

More often than not this modest column doubts its own prescience but of one thing we are quite sure, we haven't heard the last of the House decision to let the by-product heat generated at the Hanford (Wash.) $145 million plutonium reactor in 1962, go to waste. The heat will be available there in the form of steam whether used or not. If harnessed it will produce 750,000 KW hours of electricity, the largest block of nuclear power in the world, twice that at Bonneville Dam, enough to serve a city of a million. The dual-purpose plutonium plant was designed from the start to house generators to use the steam. The Senate approved the Administration's request for $95 million for the generators which should pay for themselves shortly. The House cried "socialism!" and voted 235-164 against them. So the heat will go to warm the surprised fishes of the Columbia River instead of working for man. Well, it took George Norris some years to rescue Muscle Shoals. We haven't a doubt in the world the country will correct this outrage, for every generation produces, thank God, its new George Norris.

The School Defeat

★ Sen. Wayne Morse and Cardinal Spellman have been debating the Administration's unsuccessful first school bill. The Cardinal, Morse recalled, said he would oppose all federal aid unless parochial schools were included. Senate Catholics Mansfield, Muskie, McNamara, Hart, Smith, Pastore and Chavez supported the federal aid bill without a parochial feature; Morse said he quietly warned the hierarchy, "I believe that they have misjudged the temper of the people and I plead with them to modify their course."

In answer, August 21, Cardinal Spellman urged Senator Morse "to refrain from fanning the embers of religious discord" and repeated his position that taxpayers' aid to federal schools alone is "discriminatory, unwittingly anti-Catholic . . . by making public school education a monopoly."

One thing seems odd to us, that in the everlastingly reiterated charge that federal aid means federal "dictation" the school bill was defeated largely because Cardinal Spellman couldn't get it for his parochial schools.

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One of the less spectacular but more telltale scenarios of the months ahead in Berlin will be enacted in sight of the barbed wire barricades when the engineering students enrolled at Berlin Technical University show up – or do not show up – for the new school year opening on the morning of November 2. The $2.6 billion turnover in electronics products and machine tools and precision machinery which made West Berlin a more compelling symbol of industrial vigor last year than ever cannot go on indefinitely without a regular influx of trained young replacements for a notably superannuated work force. And though no one seriously expects a sudden mass flight to the polytechnics of Frankfurt and Dusseldorf, the first signs of a gradual erosion of confidence among many young Berliners have been detected in the aftermath of the Soviet action blocking off the eastern sector of the city. "To a distressing degree," reported a *Wall Street Journal* correspondent on August 22, "West Berlin youth has already decided that the future can hold little for it here."

It is to the people of West Berlin that the Soviet war of nerves has been and will continue to be principally directed. For if the freedom of the West Berliners is a vital interest of the West and their commitment to the perils of life in an embattled city a symbol of the Western cause, then the Soviet objective must automatically be to devitalize this commitment and thus sap the vital interest itself. If West Berlin must be a symbol, say the Soviets in effect, we will do our best to see that it is the symbol of a defensive and stultified West.

There is a characteristic tautology in discussions of the vital interests of a nation. What will a nation fight for rather than yield? Its vital interests. What interests will a government then regard as vital? Those which it is actually willing to fight for rather than yield. As a practical matter, a vital interest is simply one that a government declares and maintains as such. And when, as in the case of the access rights in and out of East Berlin, a government seems to declare its interests in ambiguous terms which do not accord with its actual intentions, the consequence of failing to uphold these interests can only be confusion and disenchantment.

The Administration has no doubt felt muffled in all of its utterances on Berlin by the necessity to wait out the end of the West German political campaign on September 17. What this has meant, however, is that the US has remained nominally committed to the West German political myth of reunification, even though resigned, in fact,

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to giving *de facto* recognition to East Germany. It has been nominally committed to the continuance of the quadripartite administration under occupation rights of a unified Berlin in which free movement would be permitted, even though ready, in reality, to acknowledge the power of the East Germans to control their borders in a divided city. The Soviets in taking unilateral action without waiting for negotiations thus appeared to be attacking the US with impunity in the sphere of its vital interests as these were popularly understood by the people of West Berlin.

After the Soviets shut down the border unimpeded their demand for control of air passage took on an air of some conviction. The net effect has been to intensify self-doubt among West Berliners who now ask themselves whether the freedom of the city can, in fact, remain compatible in the long run with permanent status for the East German state. Better than anyone the West Berliners understand how much the Soviets would like a re-united Berlin as their capital to give prestige and staying power to East Germany. Still, this is not to say that West Berlin morale would not revive given a defensible stabilization of the city's status.

The West goes into a protracted series of political and military encounters with the Soviet Union in what Premier de Gaulle properly regards as a defensive posture. But the posture is more defensive and defeatist than it needs to be. In essence, the weakness of the Western position is that vital interests have not yet been separated from peripheral interests and a policy formulated accordingly. To our mind the continuance of self-governing municipal institutions in West Berlin; of a Western military presence, and of open lines of access between West Berlin and West Germany are clearly vital interests and would have to be so treated if only because they have become a symbol of Western stamina. These have to be considered as inalienable short of some general settlement in Central Europe going far beyond the Berlin issue *per se*. If it is to secure its vital interests, however, the US must be unencumbered by the weight of indefensible peripheral interests. It must be free to press its own meaningful positive proposals for guaranteeing US interests in Berlin, which is to say, proposals having as their point of departure the reality of a divided Germany.

So long as the US remains vulnerable to assault on the fundamental question of the status of East Germany it will be virtually impossible to capture the diplomatic offensive. General de Gaulle, by contrast, is on relatively fortified political ground when he disdains negotiations and urges that the burden for seeking accommodation be left with the Soviets. It was at a time and place of his own choosing that he gave his implicit approval to the Oder-Neisse line as the Polish-East German frontier more than two years ago.

The issue of the *de facto* recognition of East Germany will soon become another "defeat" for the West – another surrender to Communist demands – unless it can be disposed of by means of a diplomatic finesse equal in skill and boldness to the Soviet border action. To illustrate, one way to accomplish this as recently as a week ago might have been to indicate – on our own initiative – that the US would not obstruct the appearance of an East German and a West German group at some point in the course of Great Power negotiations to present their respective points of view. (This would be one step beyond the observer status already accorded at the 1959 Geneva talks, but something less than co-equal participation as full delegates.) But such a step grows progressively less effective as the East Germans themselves begin to demand the right of participation.

Another proposal heard in certain surprising quarters is that the two Germanys be asked to stage exploratory talks at undersecretary level in advance of major Great Power negotiations. This would imply an increased degree of *de facto* recognition of Pankow on the part of both the US and West Germans, which would go a long way toward satisfying Mr. Khrushchev's stated grievances and might help to shift the onus for perpetuating a dangerous crisis onto the Soviet leader.

To be sure, Chancellor Adenauer has in the past soared sky-high at the very suggestion that his regime should in any way dignify the East German satellite. But with the elections past there is authoritative reason to believe that he might possibly permit himself to be pushed and pummelled into the acceptance of such a procedure. For there is, after all, no such thing as "defending Berlin": not Berlin but all of Germany would be the theater of even the most limited kind of limited conventional war over the issue of access to West Berlin. This has apparently come home to the West Germans in a flash during recent weeks. The Chancellor himself said in a TV comment shortly after Vice President Johnson's departure from Bonn that "we do not want war, and therefore we have to and we want to have negotiations." He urged his people in most uncharacteristic accents to await the negotiations "with calm and reasonableness."

Shifting part of the initial negotiating role to the Germans would permit a US-USSR sounding operation, by proxy, in which the two Great Powers need not directly engage their prestige. It might accelerate the transition from a confrontation on the narrow and seemingly insoluble issue of Berlin to negotiations on the whole question of a German peace treaty. Most important, "Germanizing" the first phase of East-West negotiations would involve the West Germans in a shared responsibility for the continued division of Germany. Sound long-term relations between Bonn and the West are not likely to be built on a diplomatic subterfuge in which German public opinion is left free to blame the Great Powers for sealing partition.

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Progress at Punta del Este

The sudden resignation of Janio Quadros as President of Brazil affixed a startling signature to the week which also saw an unprecedented measure of orderly achievement at the Punta del Este inaugural of the Alliance for Progress. It was a reminder of the jungle disorder behind the façade of Latin American politics and the power of those on the Right and Left who oppose for different reasons the reforms envisaged in the Alliance.

The United States and the Latin American Governments came to Punta del Este expecting definite and limited things from one another. Each received what it wanted and a successful conference was the result. The Latin Americans wanted to know how far the United States was ready to go beyond platitudes toward definite pledges on financial and other aid to hemispheric development. In most Latin eyes the US has now gone far with three clear pledges – the President's letter pledging $1 billion in the first year of the Alliance ending next March; the Dillon pledge of $20 billion in over-all aid from all sources (most of it in public funds) during the next decade, and finally the US agreement to enter an entirely new coffee agreement and help police import quotas to stabilize falling coffee prices.

On the US side the objective at Punta del Este was that the Latin countries spell out the self-help measures they are willing to take as part of the Alliance. Mr. Dillon and his lieutenants stressed constantly that foreign aid could only supplement domestic efforts: The primacy of self-help was reflected in the specific mention by the final charter of the need for land reform to eliminate uneconomical dwarf peasant holdings and the *latifundia* of absentee landlords; tax reform; education reform to guarantee at least 6 years of primary schooling to every child in the hemisphere by 1970; low-cost housing, and most important, the drafting of national development plans in the next 18 months calling for balanced economic growth.

The major controversy at the Conference revolved around the machinery for slicing the American aid pie. Although no one said so bluntly, the US was plainly seeking to sustain effective control over the funds so that they are spent for the purposes promised, while avoiding the charge of meddling in internal affairs. The US fastened onto hemispheric institutions such as the Inter-American Development Bank and the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, where US influence is decisive, as the best umbrellas for channeling funds; but under these they wanted a permanent body of international experts to counsel nations on plans and help channel aid to those winning expert approval.

By adroit maneuvering the US got most of what it wanted. It contrived to be in the middle between the big nations (led by Argentina) who balked at outside control and the small nations (led by Uruguay and the Central American Republics) who feared that loose hemispheric coordination would work against their interests – arguing that loose control would lead to bilateral negotiations over American aid, and that the big nations with the strongest voices in Washington would end up with the most aid. The final compromise set up a panel of nine "wise men" who will constitute the permanent machinery of the Alliance. But the countries are not obliged to consult them. Any country so desiring can borrow three members of the panel and constitute these, together with three experts from other sources of their choice as an ad hoc committee of six for consultation on a national development plan. Committee recommendations, with the approval of the government concerned, are then to go to the Inter-American Development Bank, which would set up a consortium to finance the foreign capital needs contained in the approved plan.

Both behind the scenes and in the final charter, the US made it clear that the recommendations of this ad hoc committee will weigh heavily in determining how American aid is parcelled out. This position is calculated to strengthen the "wise men," since the Latin Americans will presumably use these experts "voluntarily" if they see that this is necessary to get US aid.

Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon worked effectively behind closed doors and out of the spotlight. In every major step he sought and received agreement from the "Big Three" – Mexico, Brazil and Argentina. But the Dillon propensity for quiet work had its weak side in the general failure of the American delegation to get its viewpoint across to the Latin American public. There was an almost complete lack of personal contact by Dillon and his lieutenants with the six hundred Latin correspondents at the conference who had to rely on secondhand reports from well-briefed US reporters.

The US public-relations failure was especially unfortunate in the face of the challenge presented by Cuba's Che Guevara. He had carried on a string of private sessions with leading members of the Argentine and Brazilian press, which had the impact of a marathon public press conference, during the first week of the Conference. In contrast, when Dillon gave a press conference after the charter was signed, sealed and delivered, about 15 Latin pressmen appeared.

School Aid and the Church

An interesting question may be asked in reflecting on the fight over federal aid to parochial schools: If Congress had authorized construction loans to non-public schools for certain specified purposes, would the loans actually have been used? There is some reason to believe that the proposal which the Catholic hierarchy pushed so insistently might not have provided as much

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real help to hard-pressed Catholic education as the bishops would like us to think.

The National Defense Education Act of 1958 – which will be given a one-year extension if the compromise school bill passes – authorized loans to non-public schools for equipment used in the teaching of science, mathematics and modern foreign languages, and for limited alterations or remodeling of existing classrooms to install the equipment. The $125 million-a-year parochial aid bill which blocked the Administration's initial public school and college aid legislation this year would have expanded this program to include loans to build new classrooms for instruction in these three subjects, plus physical education in the Senate version.

In the three years the NDEA program has been operating, Congress has made available a total of $20.4 million in loans to non-public schools. But only 10 percent of this has been applied for and loaned. In contrast, the grants authorized for public schools for the same purpose have been snapped up, and the grant authority has been almost completely exhausted.

The lag in parochial school borrowing from the federal government has been due in part to the obvious fact that loans are always less attractive than outright grants. In addition, the 1958 act set the interest rate at the monthly cost of money to the government, producing fluctuations and uncertainty. The rate has averaged out at about four percent, which some potential borrowers have found too high.

Although they expect Catholic participation in the loan program to improve in time, officials of the US Office of Education have found that some Catholic schools are reluctant to avail themselves of the loans on the ground that this might jeopardize their normal sources of income, by offending parish contributors opposed to federal aid to education.

After reaching a crescendo in March and April, the pressure from the hierarchy, led by Cardinal Spellman, began to abate. There are indications that the bishops were finally restrained by Catholic laymen worried about the local effect of religious strife. The White House reported that its mail from Catholics on the parochial aid issue was running heavily in favor of President Kennedy's position, and one Catholic spokesman declared: "The laity are way ahead of the bishops on this issue."

Writing in the Catholic *Commonweal* on June 2 at the height of the controversy, the Rev. George H. Dunne, SJ, observed: "It seems to me that American Catholics should be happy that the President takes the position he does (against including parochial aid in the public school bill). . . .

"The point here is not merely that the President would be hurt politically but that the Church would be hurt seriously," Father Dunne said. "It is surely in the interest of the Church in the United States that the first Catholic President prove . . . that his political judgments are not subject to dictation by the hierarchy."

If the actual advantages of the parochial aid bill are in question, then, and its divisive effects so apparent, one wonders why the bishops were so vocal in its support. The answer, of course, lies in the realization that there are those in the hierarchy who oppose any form of federal aid to education and others of partisan leaning who favored Vice President Nixon over Mr. Kennedy for the Presidency.

Singapore's Left Turn

Few proposals have evoked more spontaneous approval in Southeast Asia than the suggestion by Tengku Abdul Rahman, the Malayan Prime Minister, that Malaya and Singapore and the British colonial territories of Brunei, Sarawak and North Borneo should come closer together in political and economic cooperation. Fewer still have been more quickly sabotaged.

Two considerations moved the Tengku to make the proposal. He had long been opposed to merger with the largely Chinese island-state of Singapore. Accepting it as part of the Malayan Federation meant destroying the delicate balance of population which gives the indigenous Malays a fine political edge over the immigrant Chinese. Moreover, the Tengku believed that the natural tendency of the Chinese in Singapore was to try to make it a little China, and he had no wish to see Malaya led along the same path.

He was impressed, however, by the reasonable and efficient government of the People's Action Party which had come into office promising, in the words of the Prime Minister, Lee Kuan Yew, to be "as far to the Left as it is possible to go within the democratic framework." Lee and his able young Ministers quickly found that Socialism and a thriving entrepot did not mix well. Nor was socialism the way to conservative Rahman's heart and to merger with Malaya. Socialism was therefore put into cold storage. But with it also went the support of the Communist and Communist-inclined leaders of the trade union movement. When union support was withdrawn from the PAP in a by-election that Lee regarded as vital, Rahman began to appreciate that Singapore under Federation rule might be less dangerous to the future of Malaya than it would be if left to its own Chinese Communist devices.

In an effort to counter Singapore's internal upheavals and the threat from the north by creating a zone of stability in Southeast Asia, Rahman launched the "Mighty Malaysia" movement. It received enthusiastic support from Malayan political parties. Britain gave its warm approval. Tiny, oil-rich Brunei, with a popula-

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tion of less than 100,000, was divided. The Sultan was favorably disposed, but the expatriate Malays in Brunei are not popular and there was a general reluctance to a move that might involve being swallowed up by Malaya. Union with Sarawak and North Borneo, the other two British territories in Borneo, was regarded as the essential first step before considering Rahman's wider union. Sarawak, which, until 1946, had been the personal fief of the Raja Brooke family, agreed in principle but thought Borneo unity first was desirable. North Borneo, the most backward of all, wanted to hasten slowly.

These were minor setbacks, but they were far from fatal to the scheme, which, in principle, took care of Malaya's racial fears, Singapore's urgent need both to find an outlet for some of its surplus population and to develop industrially, and backward Borneo's future development. Visionaries saw Kuala Lumpur becoming the political capital of the region, and Singapore, which as an entrepot already handles 1.3 percent of the free world's trade, flourishing as the commercial center.

Two years of quiet and generally effective administration by the People's Action Party in Singapore had stilled many fears of a Communist take-over there. Perhaps inevitably, Communist inaction had raised doubts whether the Communists had ever been a threat. Or the force they were once thought to have been when Whitehall, anxious to test Singapore political feeling on its chances of surviving as an independent State, had been told by David Marshall, then Chief Minister, that he thought he had no better than 30 percent chance of keeping the Communists out of power.

"Mighty Malaysia" and another by-election shattered both the calm and the complacency. Marshall emerging from a long period of political obscurity, led his one-man band, the Workers' Party, to victory on a platform which was curiously close to the Communists' and on votes which two years ago would have gone to the PAP. For the votes he could thank a group of former political detainees and union leaders who saw in "Mighty Malaysia" a challenge to their own ambitions in Singapore. Marshall's policy coincided with theirs and they threw him the mass vote. Faced then with open revolt among a small minority of his parliamentary party, Lee Kuan Yew first offered his resignation, and, when this was rejected by the party's central committee, prepared to take a sharp turn to the Left in the hope of re-establishing his hard-working and talented little band of Ministers in the vanguard once again.

With nearly three years left of his elected term of office and still with a commanding majority in the Legislative Assembly, Lee's immediate future seems safe enough. But "Mighty Malaysia" appears to have been torpedoed by the territory it promised to benefit most, and long-range prospects for the strategic crossroads of Southeast Asia have begun to look singularly bleak.

PROSPECTS FOR BRITISH ENTRY INTO THE COMMON MARKET

MacWonder's Plunge

London

The insular British have taken the decision to try to join the European Common Market with unexpected equanimity. Although the Berlin crisis is commonly shrugged off (accompanied most often with some wry reflection on the German propensity for starting wars) the thought of entering Europe has gone home. It is by no means a wholehearted acceptance: the inevitable has always impressed itself slowly upon the English consciousness. But in the four years since the signature of the Treaty of Rome (whose labyrinthine length is now being uncoiled, for the first time, down the columns of all the best papers) the British reaction to the Continental conjunction has passed from indifference to inhibition, to reservation, to resignation. The popular feeling has been most aptly voiced by the lumbering Trades Union Congress which, while expressing caution, division and distrust, has still declared (a short step ahead of the Labour Party) that the principle of joining Europe is one that must be pursued.

This reaction would not have been possible even a year ago, and it would have been much trickier for the Conservative Government to stage-manage now if it had not synchronized the turning into Europe with the onset of Britain's sixth economic crisis since the war. To the imperialists on the Tory Right and the Little Englanders on the Labour Left this coincidence has seemed like devilish ministerial cunning. Those of them that are anti-American as well (and it happens to be one common denominator between the extremes) are privately convinced that it was all dictated by Mr.

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Kennedy on the phone to Admiralty House after the cabinet had realized that it would have to approach the International Monetary Fund for a whacking loan of £700 million to bolster the reserves. Mr. Kennedy has certainly had no truck with the special Anglo-American relationship which had previously been trotted out by ministers here to show that joining the Continent would somehow be a blow to Western unity. But when the final decision was taken (after weeks in which the Macmillan inner circle had reported gloom and despondency on the prospect) the Prime Minister could actually spot three birds of splendid plumage coming hard on the wing – all vulnerable to a single pro-European cartridge.

The Commonwealth opposition, chiefly in Canada and New Zealand, had been prepared by the itinerant Duncan Sandys for the news that the Six would make no further concessions to Commonwealth trade interests unless Britain made a formal application to go in. The White House (if not the Elysée Palace) would, it was thought, be impressed by a move toward European integration just when the Berlin crisis has become uppermost in American minds. And the British electorate, confronted once more with biennial austerity, would grasp at a merger with the Six as the way to economic expansion and rejuvenation. Mr. Macmillan is a fair marksman at any time (August invariably finds him on the grouse moors) and his aplomb became the more evident as the eventful week of the announcement progressed. When the Commons rose for the summer recess, the television audience discovered Mr. Macmillan, paternal and suave, in full command of himself, his party and the little, local difficulties that beset mankind. "You know," said a pro-European who is no friend of the Prime Minister's, "I think MacWonder has done it again."

But this is just the beginning. British diplomacy has set itself two major, and possibly contradictory, tasks this fall: to press for negotiation on Berlin (Lord Home's coy disclaimers after the Western foreign ministers' meeting in Paris are not to be taken seriously) and to get closer to General de Gaulle on the terms for entering Europe. The Foreign Office feeling has always been that the presence of East German troops at the checkpoints on the Western access routes to Berlin is not necessarily unacceptable, provided their duties are formal and strictly defined (that is, at a level below *de jure* recognition of the East German regime). It would never have done any good, however, least of all with General de Gaulle, for Mr. Macmillan to have said this alone: the word has had to come from the White House. It had been expected that the East Germans would cut off the flow of refugees at some time. There is some mild relief in London that Mr. Khrushchev has chosen the means he has: he could now be rather less concerned to eliminate West Berlin altogether. For the present the British calculation is that Mr. Khrushchev is less likely to be deterred from shutting off Berlin by the threat of any Western ground action which can be brushed contemptuously aside, than by the danger of an anti-Communist insurrection inside East Germany itself. Thus, it is argued, Mr. Khrushchev will not be deterred by any preliminary Western build-up (the Red Army could move two or three times as many divisions westward from Russia) but he could be triggered into an unconsidered move against Berlin by the very fact of massive troop movements into Central Europe from each side.

But this opinion does not seem to be shared by the French and Germans. Indeed, General de Gaulle appears from this side of the Channel to have become strangely fatalistic about the future, and the French attitude of mind over both Bizerte and the Algerian talks has seemed to bear this out. Mr. Macmillan would welcome a *tête-à-tête* at Rambouillet at the end of the month. But there is a strong official feeling that he will get nowhere on Berlin with the General and that, in any event, the Gaullist conception of Europe will not brook a British rival inside the Common Market for leadership and influence.

If this happens, the failure of the British bid toward the Six will be extremely serious, for it is chiefly the current plight of the British economy that has resigned popular opinion to the abandonment of the historic (and Churchillian) orientation toward the open sea. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the chancellor of the exchequer, confronted by a rise of £1,450 million in personal incomes last year compared with one of only £650 million in production, has had to slam the brakes on hard. But a bank rate of 7 percent to protect the gold reserves, which have just had their biggest drop for a decade, will not assist the technological investment that industry needs, and the new imposts on consumer spending are recognized to be only short-term remedies. The parallel attempt to impose a wage "pause" throughout the public sector (including the big nationalized industries) could lead to a major clash with the unions later in the year; indeed one has already begun with the teachers' and civil servants' "white-collar" unions which have been the first to find themselves in the freezer.

For long-term growth liberal hopes have been steadily fixed on joining Europe, both to give the efficient industries the market for expansion and to kill off the subsidized and decaying ones by exposing them to more competition. This is certainly the kind of shake-up that the British economy needs either if it is in fact to join Europe or, should it be spurned, to pay its way outside. The odds are against Mr. Macmillan's negotiating acceptable terms (particularly for Commonwealth trade) in this opening bid: but the odds will be even higher later if the British economy does not keep pace with Europe's in the days ahead. ALASTAIR BURNET

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Loose Talk

When a politician begins to declaim about his own honesty, brother, you had better count your spoons.

This somber fact of life intrudes to disturb an American's confidence with regard to the Berlin situation. Unless the newspapers have misrepresented him, Vice President Johnson gave the people of West Berlin reason to believe that Americans have pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor – to paraphrase the Declaration of Independence – to the defense of West Berlin against the Russians.

But who pledged us, and where, and when, and by what authority? Not Roosevelt. At Yalta he extracted a promise from the Russians that all the allies would be out of Germany as soon as it was pacified and removed as a threat to the peace of the world. Not Truman. He resorted to the airlift because they were trying to shove us out and we were in no mood to be shoved. Not Eisenhower. He was a party to the first agreement and understood perfectly that it was a temporary arrangement to tide things over during the confusion following the collapse of the Hitler regime.

Sixteen years later American soldiers still hold one sector of Berlin for a reason that everyone understands. The Soviets went back on their word pledged at Yalta, and that made it dangerous for us to get out of Berlin. It is also dangerous for us to stay. The question of whether we should go or stay should be determined by our estimate of which is the greater danger, all things considered. But that is primarily a political, and secondarily a military problem. It is hard to see where we incurred any moral obligation either to go or to stay.

Yet it is plain that the Mayor of Berlin is convinced that we are somehow morally obligated to the inhabitants of the city. If he were not convinced, his message to Mr. Kennedy would have been a bit of unparalleled insolence. People do not demand "political action, not words" from the President of the United States.

Unfortunately, some of our own people have talked too much, and thereby have misled Herr Brandt into believing that he has a firm commitment from us. Lyndon Johnson's words could strengthen that belief, and steps to prevent it should be taken at Washington.

As it happens, a political – not moral – justification for our continued presence in Berlin is before our eyes. At last it has needled the Communists into making a gross error. They would have been wiser to risk losing the whole population of East Germany than demonstrate to the world that only barbed wire and machine guns can retain rational people under their rule. The two young men who swam the canal are startling symbols of the preference of youth to reach free soil not only penniless, but stark naked, rather than remain any longer under the Communist tyranny.

Doubtless it was technically correct for us to file a protest against the closure of the border, but it should be left at that. Nothing more to our interest has happened in the past 16 years than this exposure of the reality of Soviet rule.

For humanitarian reasons we should do what we can to dissuade the East Germans from staging an open revolt that is bound to be suicidal; and we shall not dissuade them by posing as a nation of Galahads, burning to rush to the rescue of every damsel in distress, whoever she may be. The cat's-paw policy is not decent Americanism, no matter what we did in Cuba. The Soviets may get Spaniards and North Koreans and North Vietnamese shot up to advance Soviet schemes, but that is not fit procedure for this republic.

Loose talk about our moral obligation to defend liberty wherever it may be threatened apparently persuaded a good many Hungarians that we should be bound to come to their assistance if they precipitated a struggle; and the result was a colossal tragedy. It is to be feared that the same kind of talk has led some East Germans to cherish the same delusion.

They should be given to understand that while we are resolved to defend liberty, we cannot do it effectively except in our own way, at times and places of our own choosing; and an ineffective defense is worse than none. The President of the United States is sworn to defend the Constitution of the United States, and if he fails to do so he may be justly reprimanded; but he is not sworn to defend anything else, no matter what American spell-binders may say. In any situation, the choice of words, of political action, or of military action is his, subject only to constitutional restrictions. That choice is not to be dictated by any other person.

But it is hard to make that clear to aliens while our spokesmen descant in toplofty moralistic tones. When a politician begins to declaim about our supernal virtue, brother, muffle your nose with your handkerchief, for the smell of brimstone is in the air.

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Escape from the Bomb

Anxiety, Anger and "the Enemy"

by Lester Grinspoon and E. James Liebman

Historians of the future, if any, may be divided on the question of whether this was the era of the Bomb scare, or the ignored Bomb scare. For while all of us are passengers on a planet virtually triggered to explode (the earth today contains the explosive equivalent of 10 tons of TNT for each of its three billion inhabitants), relatively few respond as though fully aware of the danger. Contrary to a hoax bomb scare, where anxiety is great and the danger actually small, the danger is as real as apathy is prevalent.

A nuclear holocaust cannot actually be described, only imagined. Destructive potential has been magnified to incomprehensible proportions since Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Nevertheless, we have striking – though miniscule – evidence of what nuclear weapons do to human beings. Here is testimony given by Dr. Hachiya in his book *Hiroshima Diary:* "The sight of the soldiers, though, was more dreadful than the dead people floating down the river. I came onto I don't know how many, burned from the hips up; and where the skin had peeled, their flesh was wet and mushy. They must have been wearing their military caps because the black hair on top of their heads was not burned. It made them look like they were wearing black lacquer bowls.

"And they had no faces! Their eyes, noses, and mouths had been burned away, and it looked like their ears had melted off. It was hard to tell front from back. One soldier, whose features had been destroyed and was left with his white teeth sticking out, asked me for some water, but I didn't have any. I clasped my hands and prayed for him. He didn't say anything more. His plea for water must have been his last words!

"(7th Aug.: patients packed into hospitals): There was no friend or relative to minister to their needs, no one to prepare their food. Everything was in disorder. And to make matters worse was the vomiting and diarrhea. Patients who could not walk urinated and defecated where they lay. Those who could walk would feel their way to the exits and relieve themselves there. Persons entering or leaving the hospital could not avoid stepping in the filth, so closely was it spread. . . . The people who were burned suffered most because as their skin peeled away, glistening raw wounds were exposed to the heat and filth. This was the environment patients had to live in."

That was 16 years ago. Today, Herman Kahn, a provocative military theorist, speaks of the US surviving a nuclear war with 40 million deaths and getting back on its feet, if a vigorous civil defense program is instituted. According to Harrison Brown and James Real *(The Community of Fear)*, present "thermonuclear weapons range in explosive force up to somewhat more than 20 megatons, corresponding to 20 million tons of TNT. . . . A 10-megaton burst in the atmosphere 30 miles above the earth could set fire to combustibles over 5,000 square miles on a clear day."

They say that: "A surface burst of a 10-megaton bomb would produce a crater about 250 feet deep and a half mile wide. The zone of complete demolition would be about three miles in diameter. Severe blast damage would extend to about nine miles from the center of the explosion, and moderate to major damage would extend out to 12 miles, or over an area of 450 square miles. It is likely that firestorms will result from a thermonuclear burst over a large city. A firestorm is a huge fire in which cooler air is drawn to the center of the burning area, elevating the temperature and perpetuating the conflagration. Winds reach hurricane velocities. The holocaust consumes the available oxygen in the air with the result that persons not burned to death may die of suffocation or of carbon monoxide poisoning.

"The explosion results in the instantaneous emission of nuclear radiation in quantities that can be lethal at distances up to two miles, but since persons in that area would be killed anyway by the blast and thermal effects, this is not an important factor. Far more dangerous is the radiation from radioactive products which

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are produced in the explosion and which are scattered over the countryside as 'fallout'.

"More than 200 different radioactive species are formed in the explosion of a thermonuclear weapon. These attach themselves to the inert debris which is swept into the air by the explosion and which forms the familiar mushroom cloud. The heavier particles of debris fall back to earth within the first hour or so. The lighter particles are carried downward and, depending upon the wind conditions, will be deposited over an area 15 to 30 miles wide and 100 to 500 miles long. A thermonuclear bomb exploded at low altitude deposits about 80 percent of its fallout locally in this manner. The balance is injected into the stratosphere and is distributed globally. About one-half of the fission debris carried into the stratosphere of the Northern Hemisphere falls to earth within a year.

"The local fallout from a 10-megaton explosion could, if spread uniformly, produce lethal levels of radioactivity over about 5,000 square miles of land. Thus, in the absence of some protection from radiation, there could be many deaths far from the center of the explosion. Indeed, in the event of a large-scale thermonuclear attack and in the absence of radiation protection, far more deaths would result from radiation effects than from heat or blast. . . .

"The blast effects would exterminate virtually all but the most deeply sheltered living things within a radius of five miles. Blast casualties would be severe up to a distance of 10 miles. But the phenomenon that would complete the devastation of life in the entire area would be fire. The area would be one great sea of fire, which would burn until there was nothing more to consume. A good proportion of the metropolitan area's (Los Angeles) three-and-a-half million cars and trucks would be lifted and thrown like grotesque Molotov cocktails, to spew flaming gasoline, oil and automotive shrapnel onto and into everything in their paths. In an instant most underground gasoline and oil tanks would rupture and explode within the blast area, and a large proportion of the remainder within the firestorm radius would follow, each in its own particular manner – pumps and pipes sheered and, finally, higher and higher ambient temperatures which would soon expand, rupture, and explode the remainder. . . .

"It seems clear that in the event of such an attack there would be virtually no survivors of the blast and thermal effects, with the possible exception of a few persons who had made elaborate preparations for surviving the catastrophe. Their shelters would have to be very deep and provided with a built-in oxygen supply and cooling system. Unless they were able to maintain themselves in such a shelter for many weeks, their chances of making their way to relative safety would be slim. A major problem would be trying to get through ankle-high to knee-high ash containing numerous hidden pitfalls; clamoring for dozens of miles over the huge, smoking piles of radioactive rubble, burned-out timber, wire and steel. If the survivor made it to the edge of the devastated area, he in all probability would have accumulated by that time a fatal dose of radiation which would shortly claim what was left of his life."

What Brown and Real do not dwell on is the intensity of suffering endured by those not instantly killed.

A speculative but carefully documented description of what would happen to one American city in the event of its being struck in a nuclear war (*Nuclear War in St. Louis,* put out by the St. Louis Committee on Nuclear Information) reports that: "Cases of radiation sickness were streaming in by the second day. We saw very few victims of massive exposure – 5,000 rads or more – because they didn't live long enough to be brought in. Very quickly, however, we were getting people who had been exposed to 1,000-5,000 rads. Such people suffered from gastrointestinal damage. After a day or so, their nausea, vomiting and fever subsided, but then returned with greater intensity, and death followed within a week. Together with the victims of burns, whom we were just unable to deal with, the victims of radiation sickness made up the greater part of the more than 400,000 in greater St. Louis who survived the attack but succumbed not long afterwards.

"In another day or so we were seeing the largest group of people hurt by radiation, people who had absorbed 200-1,000 rads. Such patients showed serious gastrointestinal disorders at first, but recovered in a day or so. Then the further signs of radiation injury appeared – falling out of hair, easy bruising or bleeding from the skin and gums, and a return of fever and weakness during the third week after the attack. At this time the number of white corpuscles and of the small platelets that are essential for blood clotting reached their lowest levels and remained low for days or weeks.

"Our worst problem with these patients was their lack of resistance to infections. Often they succumbed to microorganisms that rarely cause disease in healthy people. With heavy antibiotic treatment and repeated blood transfusions over a period of months we might have saved many in this group. As it was, more than half of those exposed to 500 rads died within two months after exposure."

Invisible Chasms

It is said that a single Polaris submarine has the destructive capability of all the munitions used in World War II, but one seldom hears the corollary – that the total amount of suffering inflicted would probably be much greater. To repeat, the nature of the danger – nuclear holocaust – is beyond comparison with anything in history. For the individual it threatens death,

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torture, isolation, and the prospect of a chaotic, primitive way of life.

"The fissures which then appeared throughout the blast center have not yet disappeared, four years after. I am not talking about cracks in the ground. I am talking about the invisible chasms which appeared in the personal relationships of the survivors of that atomic wasteland. These rents in the ties of friendship and love have not closed up with the passage of time; on the contrary, they seem to be getting wider and deeper. They are cracks and fissures in the mutual esteem of fellow citizens and in their friendship for one another. They are no more than tiny bits of suspicion and distrust. Yet, of all the damage the atom bomb did in Nagasaki, they are by far the cruelest." [*We of Nagasaki* by T. Nagai.]

Having briefly sketched the nature of the potential danger, let us consider the likelihood of the occurrence of such a calamity. Speaking to scientists, C. P. Snow warned that within six years or less a dozen nations can possess nuclear weapons. With "the certainty of statistical truth," he pointed out that if allowed to increase in numbers indefinitely, some of these weapons will go off, by accident or design. He concluded with equal certainty that the dreaded event is no more than 10 years away, and that scientists know this even more directly than politicians.

An example of statistical probability follows concerning the Polaris weapons system: "Suppose that on any one day the probability of a particular submarine starting such a war is as small as one in a million. With our expected total of 50 submarines, the probability accumulates so that the fatal accident is more likely than not during the next 50 years!" [A letter from Kenneth C. Knowlton, *et al*, in the *Christian Science Monitor*, August 4, 1960.]

Although it will take some time to build and have in operation 50 Polaris submarines, the above warning is already pertinent, what with scores of land-based IRBM's and ICBM's and the constant "readiness" of the Strategic Air Command.

Danger is multiplied by the number of nations that have these weapons. A near cataclysm – little published in this country but reported in *The Manchester Guardian* of November 28, 1960 – occurred on October 5, 1960, when radar reflections from the moon were erroneously interpreted as a missile attack upon the United States.

From an unclassified study prepared by the Mershon National Security Program at Ohio State University, it has been learned that "precautionary measures have been taken in SAC as a result of ambiguous warnings on many occasions. Nuclear weapons have been involved in about 10 major accidents but there have been no nuclear explosions. One operational ICBM blew up on its launching pad. Anti-aircraft missiles have misfired several times and have been accidentally launched at least twice. False radar warnings, including an apparent flight of bombers moving over the Atlantic at 2,000 mph, have occurred frequently. . . . On the Communist side of the fence very little is known, but Premier Khrushchev is reliably reported to have told Vice President Nixon about an erratic Soviet missile which was destroyed by a signal from the ground as it headed toward Alaska."

The Mershon study ("Accidental War: Some Dangers in the 1960's") warns that there is a significant chance that a major accidental war may occur in this decade; that this danger *increases* at times of international tension ("what is predictably improbable in normal times becomes unpredictably probable in abnormal times"); that the danger is augmented by the spread of nuclear weapons; and finally, that faulty communications in the presence of split-second decision-making enhances the likelihood of accidental cataclysm – *e.g.*, a pre-emptive strike prompted by faulty intelligence reports.

These "unpredictable human factors" cannot be ignored. "Every society," states Dr. Jerome Frank, professor of psychiatry at Johns Hopkins Hospital, "contains a small portion of unstable or evil persons who delight in destruction and who cannot be detected by ordinary screening devices. Unless the spread of weapons is halted, it is a statistical certainty that eventually someone like this will get the chance to fire a weapon that can kill millions and so precipitate a worldwide catastrophe."

What Can One Do?

In response to a danger of this magnitude and likelihood, what can the individual do to improve his chances for survival?

One can hardly expect populations which are so seemingly apathetic about a danger to take massive political action to avert it. Political action so far has failed to slow down the arms race, much less to reverse it. Apathy is hard to measure, since conscious and unconscious factors are involved, and since the mass media influence more than reflect the thinking of the general public. But some measurement is possible. One opinion survey in 1960 reported that: "Problems that have a community or national or world locus are mentioned by only 13 percent of the [US] population. Within this broader category, four percent of our respondents expressed unhappiness over problems of world tension and the possibility of war, a figure that may seem small in the era of the hydrogen bomb and the cold war." [*Americans View Their Mental Health*, by Gurin, Veroff and Field.]

The authors of this article are not discarding the hope of political action to prevent war; we are con-

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cerned here, however, with what the individual can do today to increase his chances for staying alive. Civil defense, although becoming more widely advertised, seems futile, except possibly where advance evacuation of cities is prescribed. Continuing weapons development makes, or will make, shelters less and less secure, and the brief warning time for attack precludes emergency evacuation.

We submit that the only way individuals in nuclear target areas can safeguard themselves is to run away soon enough. This is not an unusual response to danger. Through history people have emigrated to save (or better) themselves. Flight to a non-strategic area in the Southern Hemisphere, where fallout would be less, could not guarantee survival, but it would improve one's chances.

If this is so, how can we account for the fact that people do not seem very concerned about the threat of nuclear war, much less fleeing from the most dangerous areas? The answer probably is that although the magnitude of the threat is unprecedented, the individual's psychological defenses are the same as they have always been.

The two categorical responses to danger are fight and flight. But since what we are up against here is annihilation or unimaginable suffering inflicted by agents over which the individual has virtually no control, he is not in a position to "fight," but only to flee. Psychologically, however, we can expect to find defenses operating which in the broadest sense represent fight *and* flight.

Paradoxically, people have not to date supported the fallout shelter program urged by Civil Defense authorities. Why is that? Some may feel, as we have suggested, that the shelters will be rendered obsolete. A second possibility is that people do not build family shelters, because that would be direct acknowledgment of the awesome threat. If people thought shelters were futile, and wanted to save their lives, they would flee; the fact that they neither build shelters nor flee adds weight to the argument that they cannot acknowledge the threat in a direct, personal way.

The Primitive Reflex

Among the psychological mechanisms which keep men going with little ostensible anxiety in the shadow of an awesome peril, *denial* is one of the most important; people manage to ignore or dismiss that which it would be painful to perceive. A common example is how we avoid contemplating our own inevitable death, or the presence of a fatal disease. We know, too, how people can remain strikingly ignorant of concentration camps in their own neighborhood.

The threat of nuclear calamity is peculiarly easy to deny for several unique reasons: the distance between

"It Looks Darling"

the weapons and the potential victims is so great that the threat seems remote, thus "unreal"; the act of destruction – pushing a button – is so far removed from conventional physical aggression that it, too, contributes to psychological distancing. Then too, in this country, we have not heretofore experienced war at home and have not therefore the *feel* of the threat. Finally, the "chain of command," even in a democracy, puts the individual so far from ultimate political decision that he does not feel much personal responsibility, even for his own protection.

Likewise, there is the invisibility of harmful radiation. As in the case of missiles themselves, radioactive fallout is a danger against which only intelligence and imagination can warn us.

Along with denial, "isolation" is another psychological defense which operates to separate knowledge from feeling. Archibald MacLeish refers to this separation as a characteristic of our societies and says: ". . . Knowledge without feeling is not knowledge, and can only lead to public irresponsibility and indifference, conceivably to ruin. . . . When the fact is dissociated from the feel of the fact . . . that people, that civilization, is in danger."

For those who do acknowledge the dangers, *action* serves to reduce anxiety; and in an emergency, action

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is a primitive, even a reflex response which can be life-saving, or of little benefit, or even self-destructive, depending on the situation and the kind of action. Among those who feel threatened at this time, one finds a range of active political response. Not all of it is necessarily a direct response to the danger of war. The "rightist," for example, is likely to think the threat of Communism is greater than the threat of war ("I'd rather be dead than Red"); a middle group separates the two threats, emphasizing the non-military struggle with Communism and striving for bilateral disarmament (neither dead nor Red); and the "radical" (not necessarily Communist) would rather be Red than dead, if that is really the choice. All such responses to danger are political; they all acknowledge some personal responsibility for the course of events. The inactive, on the other hand, must either deny their responsibility, or their potency, or what is happening. They may say: "The situation isn't that bad"; or, "There's nothing I can do"; or, "This is a matter for government officials and experts." In any case, those who deny their individual potency, but do accept the threat and their share of responsibility as real, will be moved to organize and "do something about it," or to flee.

We know only too well the utter helplessness and horror people felt after the collision of two commercial airliners over Staten Island, or at the time of the freak destruction of a Munich streetcar by a fallen plane. The question this poses is why the same people are so relatively unconcerned about the threatened conflagration of cities? Again: people feel piercingly the death of a family by accidental fire; why then so little ostensible concern about the cremation of millions of families? Or, in the case of nuclear war, can we only feel concern after the event, when we may not be here to feel at all? We suggest that those who suffer vicariously when they read of such tragedies as the plane crash over Staten Island may be displacing more or less of the repressed emotion about war onto the infinitely lesser, civilian accident. The extent of "displacement" here is difficult to measure, since the horror felt is appropriate to the lesser tragedy, too; but the mechanism of displacement very likely accounts to some extent for the striking absence of feelings of horror among most people at the prospect of thermonuclear war.

The Bomb and "the Enemy"

We must acknowledge that displacement works both ways; not only is anxiety about the bomb displaced, but the bomb may serve as a substitute object for the anxiety of personal, internal conflicts. *Time* magazine of March 31, 1961, reflected this latter view: "The possibility of civilization's total destruction is usually cited as one of the great factors contributing to anxiety in the US. But, there is a strong suggestion that the bomb is merely a handy device, welcomed almost with relief, for the release of anxiety and guilt that have little to do with the subject as such. For many bomb worriers, it seems to be a true phobia, a kind of secular substitute for the Last Judgment, and a truly nuclear ban would undoubtedly deprive them of a highly comforting sense of doom." But most people are not "bomb worriers" and for many of them the bomb may represent by displacement the external substitute for a phantasy of destruction against internal objects; and as such, the bomb must be denied to prevent anxiety or the achievement of the phantasy.

In the Nuclear Age, it is commonplace to say, the primary enemy of man is war, and not another nation. Yet there is tremendous fear, anger and suspicion among nations – far more than is felt about the bomb, which threatens all nations alike. The frustration of our helplessness before the bomb seems to be vented by each side in rage against the other; the extent of this displacement, too, is immeasurable, but obviously present. We suggest that people discharge their feelings of helplessness in the face of the bomb by transferring their anger to the more easily personified "enemy." This is not to say that a national enemy does not exist, only that the greater enemy to survival is the threat to both which resides in the bomb.

Although all of us are *already* living with a part of the horror of the bomb – the fallout of radioactive material – people show surprising complacency about the possible consequences of exposure to Strontium-90 and other products known to be harmful. Medical intelligence warns of both short- and long-term effects: carcinogenesis and increased genetic mutations. But aside from the concerted efforts of a few groups, there is little demand for public health data on fallout, or popular opposition to resuming nuclear weapon tests. The medical profession has been involved mainly because people seem to displace their concern about fallout onto diagnostic X-rays. They ask their dentist if this X-ray is necessary.

Contrast the general complacency about Strontium-90 with the public reaction against fluoridation. In Wellesley, Massachusetts, a suburban middle-class community, fluoridation was voted down almost two to one this year, in defiance of recommendations by dental and public health authorities. A great deal of public interest was aroused: radio, TV, public meetings, doorbell ringing, newspaper accounts and ads. Opponents of fluoridation held that individuals should not be required to ingest any artifact no matter how beneficial it may be, and that it was wrong to expose a community to an agent over which individuals had no control. We suggest that much of the concern about fluoridation is a displacement of feeling about fallout. Notice the similarities between fluoridation of a community's water supply and the contamination of its atmosphere

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with Strontium-90: neither substance can be felt, seen, heard, tasted nor smelled. In both instances people are faced with an imperceptible substance, the ingestion of which they cannot avoid. One might add that if the fluoridation proponents had as appealing a name for the additive as "Sunshine Unit" is for Strontium-90, they too might allay some of the anxiety that leads to opposition.

An ubiquitous defense, rationalization, accounts for such common attitudes as, "it's so terrible it'll never be used," "no one's going to be mad enough to start an H-bomb war," "I'm sure the President (Premier) and all those Generals know more about it than we do," "after all, perhaps it is God's will. . . ." There is nothing in human history to suggest that we can be complacent for any of these reasons.

Life As It Is

Dr. Bruno Bettelheim, in his study of the failure of the European Jews to save themselves, has thrown light on the seemingly non-rational responses of people in dire peril. For the Jews in Nazi Germany, the handwriting was on the wall, yet few acted to save themselves while it was still possible. Barring organized resistance, self-preservation called for flight. A number fled, leaving their homes, friends, businesses, mother-tongue and national culture; and they must have suffered under the uncertainty and the derision of skeptics and die-hards. But most of the Jews stayed and died. Bettelheim explains this in terms of an irrevocable death wish.

The urban population of the nuclear powers today, like the Jews in Germany, either do not see, or do not choose to defend themselves against the handwriting on the wall. But the death wish is not an adequate explanation; a more plausible one is the characteristic compulsion to continue "life as it is." There are people who say they would rather not survive if there is to be a nuclear war; but we question the thoughtfulness of this rationalization for staying in a target area. Certainly it would be less horrible to die instantly than to suffer wounds or radiation death; but compare the comfort of instant oblivion with the likelihood that most people in the Southern Hemisphere will live out their natural lives!

A point brought home by Nevil Shute's *On the Beach* prompts a further question: If people are sincere about not wanting to live beyond World War III, why don't they equip themselves with suicide kits to ensure as painless a death as possible? The fact that people are not even thinking of this shows how far they are from thinking about the holocaust in practical terms.

In summary, we see the Cold War as analogous to a situation where people are living in a house in which a bomb has been planted. No one knows for sure whether or when the bomb will explode, but they know it can explode. We see only three alternatives for these people: (1) remove the bomb; (2) leave; (3) go on somehow living with the bomb. The individual is powerless to remove the bomb from the Cold War, and the majority have little or no overt anxiety about it for many reasons, some of which we have discussed. Indeed, no individual could tolerate the anxiety appropriate to the reality as we have defined it without taking action. (Perhaps the authors are translating their anxiety into writing this paper.) As we perceive the reality at the moment, the only practical thing the *individual as such* can do to save himself is to get out of potential target areas, and possibly from the whole Northern Hemisphere.

Now, the reader may say that the "threat" is not as we have described it. That is, of course, possible. However, we feel with a good deal of conviction that people who take the position that nuclear war is "unthinkable" are defending themselves in a sort of global way from acknowledging the world we live in. In everyday vernacular, this defense is frequently referred to as "famous last words." It is, of course, possible that those who say that nuclear war is "unthinkable" have some information which we do not have; information which allows them to view the situation in a more benign light. The only other possibility is that they are using some, or all, of the defenses we have outlined to support this "unthinkable" point of view; and one might add that perhaps people in positions of responsibility have even more need of "denial" because of the very fact that they are responsible for so many others besides themselves. Furthermore, we have not confined our comment to premeditated war but have considered the possibility of accidental nuclear war. To the extent that weapons exist and are controlled by man, and to the extent that men are capable of behaving irrationally, not to mention psychotically, then nuclear war as we see it cannot objectively be dismissed as "unthinkable"; to the contrary the likelihood of its occurrence is consistent with the data at hand and, as well, the history and nature of man.

COMING

A special issue of The New Republic *on Berlin and the future of US policy in Central Europe, with contributions by Brig. Gen. Thomas R. Phillips, Morton Halperin, Sidney Hyman, Terence Prittie, Gerald Freund, Joseph Bishop and others.*

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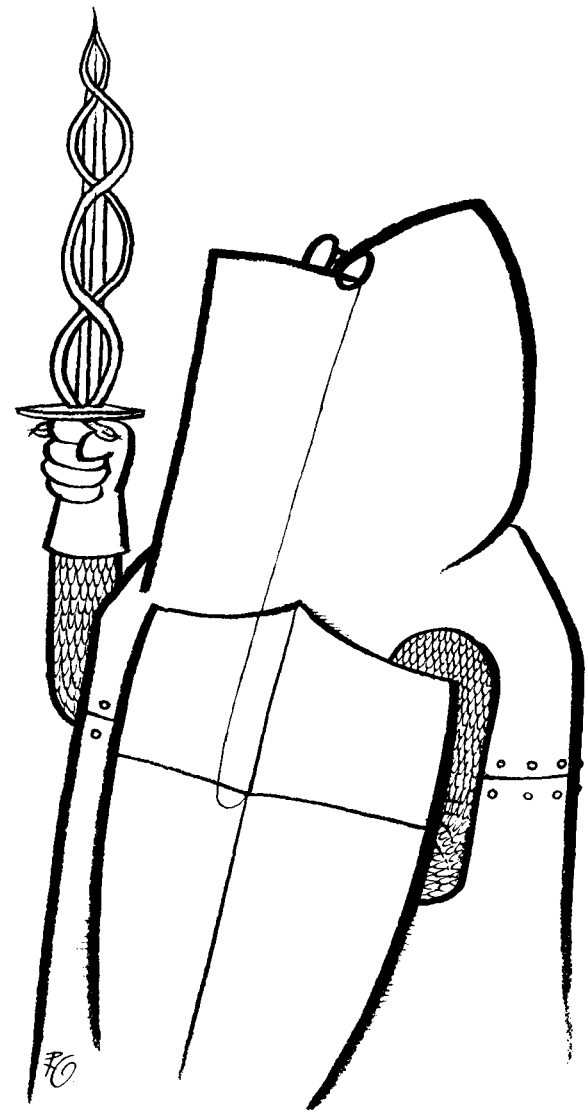
A Report to the AMA

by Frank Getlein



Today, gentlemen, medicine faces its gravest crisis since the rise of chiropractic. Once again we are surrounded by demons. They are stronger than ever. They come at us from all directions. And, there is no use kidding ourselves, in recent years they have gained much ground and from these gains they are in a much better position to press their attack to its logical conclusion, namely, the death of organized medicine as we know it today.

The cry today is for medical care for the old folks. But you know and I know that medical care for the old folks will be but the prelude to universal health insurance for all, or socialized medicine.

On the odd chance that there are among you some who doubt the inevitability of this sequence, let me remind the convention of my own humble and, I regret to say, futile part in warning the members against the early signs of the dread disease when first they appeared. The first symptoms, you will recall, centered on the request for prepaid group insurance for hospital care. The whole thing was said to have no relationship at all to doctors but merely to be a helpful budgeting device for potential patients. Many in the profession, I am sorry to have to recall, were deceived by this plea and went along with the request. For myself and a few others, as soon as we spotted the word "group," we knew we were in the presence of socialism. We said so at the time, we have said so ever since, and we say so today. Anything that casts even the slightest shadow over the sacred relationship between the doctor and his patient's finances is socialism.

As we predicted, it was not long before the next stage set in: the impertinent demand that doctor fees too be insured against, as if we were a kind of natural disaster. Over our protest, the profession again acceded to the socialist demons. Rate schedules for doctors were set up, like those for air travel or Caribbean cruises. Doctors were paid, not by the patient, but by the group, as if a group ever had consumption, vapors or tired blood.

The key point, however, was that fees were known in advance. We were deep in trouble, but there was worse to come. The rate of progress of the disease became terrifying. First, there was treason within the profession. Young doctors, motivated by a false idealism, joined together in group practice. Even as the British rose to Benedict Arnold, demoniacal labor unions embraced these traitors. Unions built their own hospitals. They formed their own groups and pushed the whole insurance scheme into preventive medicine. Worst of all, they laid rough and untrained hands upon the very heart of the science of healing: they began the first study by outsiders of medical costs.

Now the disease has reached its climax. Socialized medicine – under various more palatable names – is the avowed goal of wide areas of the population and even the government. If it comes – and we cannot be optimistic that it won't – the profession will be ruined. Bureaucrats will demand a fixed scale of prices. The frontiers of free enterprise will be fenced in. The advance of medicine will grind to a halt. I, for one, freely

This article is adapted from Mr. Getlein's forthcoming book, A Modern Demonology, *to be published by Clarkson Potter with illustrations by Robert Osborn.*

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predict that, if we are socialized, many of the profession's brightest lights will return, in sorrow, to the mother trade, barbering, where at least they'll get tips.

One of our greatest problems is communicating our concern to our patients. "After all, what difference does it make?" is a question asked by people of good will and small brain. "Look at England," they go on, "surely the citizens there are better off medically than they used to be?"

Well may they say, "Look at England." Look at her! Every tatterdemalion lounger and loiterer in London sports a wig and a set of false teeth, while the empire's gone glimmering after Babylon and Tyre. That's what socialized medicine's done for England!

What we have to get across to patients and to voters is the fundamental connection between the fee system and the march of medicine. Without fees, and big ones, too, there would have been no wonder drugs, no antibiotics, no tranquilizers, no Paul de Kruif. Once upon a time, you know, we had socialized medicine. When we were all barbers, we were thoroughly socialized, employees of the state in military or courtly service. What did you get then in the line of treatment? You got leeches and bloodletting generally. You got herbs and rare earths. You got the water cure. You got the phases of the moon. You got clysters of simply enormous sizes. The best thing a doctor could do for you then was to give you a shave and a haircut.

Two bits.

Just about what the treatments were worth. This system continued basically right into this century, with the doctor a kind of community functionary, handing out folk remedies to the folks and taking his pay in chickens and parsnips, much like the parson.

Abruptly, everything changed. The march of medicine began. We cured syphilis, typhoid, bubonic plague. We discovered allergies and psychoanalysis, two of the most fruitful fields a man can enter. Geriatrics, pediatrics, gynecology, and many others came out of the nowhere, and mankind climbed steeply toward a new era of tranquillity. What brought all this on?

In a word: Cash.

When America moved from the country into town, people no longer had the poultry and produce they used to pay their doctors with. They had to pay cash. Doctors moved from the lower middle class to the middle middle class to the upper middle class. They got rich. And, as in every other break-through on the frontiers of free enterprise from the spinning Jenny to the singing commercial, the benefits filtered down from those on top, the entrepreneurs, to those on the bottom, the customers. For example, we have been so successful in fighting infant mortality that we've had to go in for birth control. Other beneficiaries are the oil-well business, the modern-art business, and the travel business.

This has happened because the fee system is solidly rooted in Nature herself. I daresay there isn't a doctor in the house who hasn't said to his patients, "We don't cure you; we only cooperate with Nature."

Nowhere is that cooperation more direct and more effective than in the therapeutic application of fees, based as they are on the patient's ability to pay, with just a touch added on top of that ability. It is precisely that touch, calculated with exquisite delicacy and applied with the inexorability of doom, that has made America the healthiest nation of its size in history. The constant presence of that touch activates Nature, and Nature, deep in the patient's subconscious, keeps him healthy most of the time and gets him healthy fast when he does fall sick.

We tamper with Nature at our peril.

However clear this fundamental rule of healing is to us, we must admit that the general public does not understand it and the members of Congress understand it least of all. It must therefore be our constant concern to get the point across. I have nothing but commendation for those doctors who, for the last several years, have been prefacing each consultation with little sermonettes on socialized medicine and the sanctity of the patient-doctor relationship. Medical research has shown these to be extra effective when given as anesthesia is taking hold just before a major operation.

It is vital, of course, to keep up your payments to the emergency fund in Washington. We have for long had the largest lobby in town, but we must increase our staff and increase our efforts. The population explosion and the creation of new states of the union have been sending new members of Congress to the capital yearly. Our people must meet them all, carry their bags, get them a cab, and in general show them that doctors are their friends. Naturally, this takes financial support; I can assure you that there is no better investment and, like most of you, I'm something of an expert in the investment field.

Some imaginative freedom fighters have combined these two techniques. Heavy givers to the emergency fund, they have prorated their donations among their patients and explained, by a sticker on the statement, that the surcharge will cease when the socializing threat ceases. The sticker also has room for the name of the Congressman to write to. For anyone wishing to join the effort, a stack of statement-stickers will be found, appropriately, in the lobby.

But whether, as an individual practitioner, you adopt these new medical techniques or just continue in the invaluable, day-in, day-out campaign of doubling all fees when groups are involved, I urge eternal vigilance and renewed dedication to the professional ideal expressed in the chorus of the *Hymn to Hippocrates:*

Don't let them take it away.

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Prelude To a New Africa Policy

by Louis E. Lomax

"In our hour of triumph," the speaker told the United Nations General Assembly, "we Africans must remember that what we seek is justice, not revenge. There is not time for us to brood over grievances of the past. We look to the future – a future cleansed of race hatred. We must extend to the white man the hand of forgiveness and fellowship. We must invite him to join us in burying misunderstandings and in working for a better world."

It was a good speech but – as the speaker, His Excellency J. Rudolph Grimes, Liberian Secretary of State, well knew – the time, September 29, 1960, was out of joint. Mr. Grimes' call for non-remembrance of things past moved him and his nation into no-man's land. The Communist bloc wanted none of him for, in the same speech, Liberia refused to join those who wish to reorganize the UN Secretariat; his fellow Africans were offended, albeit politely so, because Mr. Grimes had not given the white man and colonialism the kind of unvarnished hell that is the trademark of black African orators; most egregious of all – to the militant African nationalists – Liberia had not embraced neutralism.

Nor was there unity in Liberia itself. There are, for example, Liberians like Harry Morris, wealthy scion of Americo-Liberian stock, who would have Liberia do nothing that would affect international investments there. There are Liberians like Dr. C. O. Dusumo-Johnson, scion of a "native" family that migrated to Liberia from Nigeria by way of Sierra Leone. Dr. Johnson has been an African nationalist firebrand for years, allied with the "native" Liberians' fight for equality with the Americo-Liberians. Then there are young diplomats like Martinus Johnson, now First Secretary to the Liberian UN delegation. Mr. Johnson is an Americo-Liberian but a passionate worker for unification – or, to use a Liberian State Department phrase, the working together of "civilized" and "uncivilized" Liberians. Men like Martinus Johnson feel that Liberia should become more "African."

This was the Liberia, early last fall, that observers had known for years: a black nation estranged, but warmly so, from the remainder of black Africa; a one party government dominated by the descendants of American slaves; a society sporadically contorted by clashes between the "natives" and the Americo-Liberians; a people still scarred by the scandalous disclosure 30 years ago that Americo-Liberians were selling "natives" into slavery; and a nation applauded by the US, largely controlled by US diplomatic and economic interests, then made to seem a lackey when the US voted against the aspirations of black Africans. According to the well-thumbed – perhaps, much abused – script, the story should have ended there. But – as if fate had held her under wraps for all these years for just this purpose – Liberia was to emerge as the central figure in an Afro-Asian power play that would usher in a new US policy towards Africa and rock the United Nations.

The power play came into the open last November first, when Jaja Wachuku, chairman of the Nigerian delegation, demanded African and Asian representation on the key UN agencies, the Security Council and Economic and Social Council. There were two ways this demand could have been met: by enlarging the councils or by reallocating existing seats. Russia promised to veto any move to enlarge the councils until such time as Red China was admitted to the United Nations. The United States, on the other hand, opposed a reallocation of the existing seats. In a measured statement, Mr. Wachuku told the Special Political Committee, then debating the enlargement question, that whereas the Africans didn't care whether they gained their seat by reallocation or expansion, "we don't have time to sit around and wait two or three years for moves to expand the councils."

Argentina, Tunisia and Italy were then the retiring members of the Security Council; Chile, Tunisia and Portugal, respectively, were expected to succeed them. This arrangement was consonant with the "London Gentlemen's Agreement" reached in 1946, under which the six non-permanent, two-year seats were to be distributed as follows: two to Latin America, one each to Western Europe, the Middle East and the British Commonwealth. The arrangement would have again prevailed if US-supported efforts to expand the Council had borne fruit. The US failed, however – partly because of the threatened Soviet veto – and the Afro-Asians announced that they would not respect the London agreement and that they would seek to place an African nation on the Security Council.

Forty-six votes strong, the Afro-Asian group could keep any candidate from getting the two-thirds majority needed for election to the Security Council, but they needed outside help if their own candidate was to be

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Louis E. Lomax *traveled through Africa in the summer of 1960 and returned to write* The Reluctant African.

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elected. The Western Europeans, in a moment of incredible insensitivity, gave the Afro-Asians their first big breakthrough: Portugal, the last of the mean colonial powers, was retained as the nominee for the Security Council seat; Belgium, even then under scathing rebuke from the Secretary General for her obduracy in the Congo affair, was named for the Economic and Social Council. The Afro-Asian bloc seized the moment and elected to oppose both nominees – the Portuguese with an African, the Belgian with an Asian. The Soviet Union immediately announced its support of the Afro-Asian move, leaving the attitude of the United States and its voting allies the only matter in doubt. The doubt was substantial, since both Portugal and Belgium are members of NATO.

But what African nation, if nominated to oppose Portugal for the Security Council seat, would be such a counterweight?

Focus on Liberia

Populous Nigeria could have had the nomination for the asking but the Nigerians eliminated themselves saying they were too new at the United Nations (Nigeria had been a member only a month at that time). Ghana and Guinea were eliminated because they were, from the Western point of view, too far left. Other African states were eliminated because they were too small. Slowly, with the Nigerians taking the lead, the caucus focused on Liberia. The more militant Africans didn't want Liberia to represent them on the Council; they argued that Liberia had not done all she could to aid the cause of immediate African liberation.

After Liberia's critics had had their say, the Nigerians mounted this case:

The attitude of the United States is the pivotal factor; we must put the United States in a dilemma. By advancing Liberia we nominate a nation America can ill afford to offend. "Look at it this way," the chief Nigerian spokesman concluded, "we Africans can't lose. Either America votes with us and we get our seat or they vote against us and Liberia will move back into the African orbit where she belongs. Either we get our Security Council seat or we reclaim Liberia."

One week before the voting was to begin the Afro-Asian bloc announced that Liberia would oppose Portugal for the Security Council seat. Shortly after Liberia's candidacy was announced it "became known," to use a United Nations phrase, that President Eisenhower had instructed the American delegation to vote for Portugal.

I had firsthand experience with the indignation that enveloped the Liberian delegation. It happened this way: During a radio interview, the moderator had complimented me on accurately predicting the Ethiopian revolt in my book, *The Reluctant African*.

"What African country do you think will erupt next?" he asked me.

I replied that Liberia was ripe for change and I had hardly finished speaking when the studio phone rang. An irate Liberian diplomat all but demanded that I come to his office and explain.

A few days later I went to the diplomat's office.

"You Americans – particularly you Negro Americans – have abused us," he lectured me. "You write and say things about Liberia without knowing what you are talking about."

Then he got around to what was really on his mind.

"You Americans don't know friends when you see them," he shouted, shaking his finger in my face. "You are supporting Portugal over us in the Security Council race . . . that, after we have voted with you all these years." His voice broke. Then he concluded. "Now, damn it, that's all over; Liberia is through being more Catholic than the Pope. There is going to be a change. You can no longer take us for granted."

My experience was only a mild version of what was going on at the State Department and at the US Mission to the United Nations in New York.

"The Liberians are more than mad," a member of the State Department African section told me. "They are hurt; they feel humiliated before the world, particularly before their fellow Africans and before the militant 'native' Liberians back home."

The State Department attempted to recover by going directly to Liberian President W. V. Tubman in Monrovia. Our Ambassador argued that the Afro-Asians were using Liberia, that once the precedent for an African seat was established the Africans would replace Liberia with a leftist nation like, say, Guinea. The Department wanted Liberia to withdraw from the Security Council race.

But the American Ambassador was not the only diplomat who camped on President Tubman's doorstep.

The Africans and Asians were there also. They argued "bloc"solidarity, the need for Liberia to be "African" – rather than "Western" – centered. Young militant Liberians began to speak up; many of them were serving in foreign diplomatic posts and the Security Council issue gave them an opportunity to file personal papers and say things which, in another context, would not have been politic.

Things were nip and tuck for a while; during the early days of December a rumor that Liberia would withdraw swept the United Nations. The matter became so serious that the Afro-Asians set up a relay team to check with the Liberians every hour to make sure they were still in the race. By then, however, it was apparent that the State Department had misjudged President Tubman. The evidence had been there, before

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their eyes, in their files, but nobody had taken it to mean what it said: Four years ago while dedicating a new American Economic Mission building in Liberia, President Tubman had stated: "You Americans must not conclude that you are doing us a favor. You have taken millions out of Africa, it's high time you brought some of it back."

In 1959, President Sekou Toure, of Guinea, and Kwame Nkrumah, of Ghana, had met with Tubman in Liberia; the "big three" agreed on the framework of an "African community of states." The world press paid little or no attention to the announcement.

For more than two years now African freedom fighters have been presenting their case before audiences all over the world, while traveling under Liberian passports. Mbruma Kerina, the leading Southwest African petitioner before the United Nations and perhaps the most brilliant freedom fighter operating in the United States, earns his living by working in the office of the Liberian Mission to the United Nations.

The Liberian delegation was instructed to stay in the Security Council race at all costs.

On the first ballot, US-backed Portugal led 50 to 32, with a scattering of votes for other nations. Then the Assembly restricted the voting to Portugal and Liberia. In the first direct test, Portugal led by two votes, on the second, Soviet-backed Liberia edged ahead by five. The see-saw battle lasted for six weeks, through 13 rounds of balloting.

On the twelfth ballot Liberia polled 55 votes to Portugal's 38. These were hard votes, there was no more diplomatic slack left. The delegates had voted their final instructions and neither Liberia nor Portugal had the two-thirds majority needed for election. But the vote could not be set over. Under the charter the new member would have to take its seat on January 1 or the Security Council could not function.

Word filtered through the UN corridors that Portugal had agreed to withdraw: Ireland would stand in her place and Liberia had agreed to split the term with Ireland. Balloting began, Liberia and Ireland received 45 votes each. Then the agreement to split the term, Liberia being seated first and then Ireland, was made official.

Those of us who were privy to the in-fighting knew we were watching more than the election of just another Security Council member; the Liberian affair marked the end of a lot of things, the beginning of many more.

The US' "automatic" majority on important questions in the Assembly was destroyed forever. Council seats henceforth will go to those who can muster the votes to take them, not necessarily to a regional candidate. The father-child relationship of the United States and Liberia had outgrown itself. The Afro-Asian voting bloc had become a practical reality for the first time; it had divided on the seating of Kasavubu; the Africans split among themselves on the move to reorganize the Secretariat and on all the major debates on the Congo affair. Only once before the Liberian vote had the Afro-Asians mustered a solid bloc and that was on the related question of expanding the Councils.

And finally, the seating of Liberia served clear warning that America's Africa policy was in grave danger: Liberia and Nigeria, her sponsor, were America's best friends in black Africa. America's stand with Portugal offended them – all of black Africa, really – deeply. The Kennedy Administration inherited the likelihood of being on the losing side of practically every major vote in the world organization, to say nothing of the probability of further Communist advance in Africa. During a "Meet The Press" interview, Liberian Ambassador George Padmore put it this way:

"The Africans are not as concerned about the Russians as many of you are. We are concerned about the presence of all types of colonialism whether it is from the Russians or anyone else. And so the Russian presence in Africa . . . would not be of the greatest danger."

Tarnished Image

In a clear move to turn the tide the Kennedy Administration has stood with the Africans on a series of major African items at the United Nations. We agreed that Patrice Lumumba should be released and UN Ambassador Stevenson was set so to announce when the news of Lumumba's death broke; in overt acts, we stood with the Africans on both votes to censure Portugal concerning Angola and on the move to give the South African Government its annual wrist slapping over segregation. The first Angola vote was of particular significance because only Russia and the US stood with the Afro-Asians on the ill-fated resolution.

The tragedy of Bizerte and of our decision – in the name of the Berlin crisis – to decline Tunisian appeals for support has tarnished the image of a new US Africa policy. But the image and the policy still persist and it is now all the more imperative that its luster be restored. The fact remains that spokesmen for a fresh look at Africa are being heard for the first time in eight years. One such officer read a suggested position paper during a low level conference late in February. He argued that the Europeans were playing poker, that they need us as much as we need them, and that they would have no alternative but to accept our attitude on colonialism. He has read the same paper in staff meetings in years gone by. This time he was in for a shock. When he finished, his superior reached across the table and took the paper. The superior's only comment:

"JFK wants to see this."

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Clyde Griffiths and the American Dream

by Herbert R. Coursen, Jr.

An American Tragedy is one of those books which shares the characteristic which Hemingway noted of *Tender Is the Night:* "A strange thing is that in retrospect . . . *Tender Is the Night* gets better and better."

An American Tragedy is a ponderous pachyderm of a novel in that Dreiserian style which finds no fact unimportant enough to exclude from the narrative. The book burdens the reader with detail, much of it is excessively morbid; yet it acquires in retrospect a cumulative power, a strange and lingering effect seldom achieved by the more concise craftsmen of the modern novel. Its hero is hardly one we expect to encounter in tragedy; he is no Robert Jordan compressing a lifetime between the hands of his wristwatch; he is not even a Jay Gatsby striving to reach back and recapture a moment which died five years before. Clyde Griffiths is a weak young man who blunders into a half-murder which would force today's TV script writers to throw up their crayons in derision. In fact, Clyde is not a tragic hero; with Willy Loman and Ethan Frome, he is a subject of pathos (but then this is an *American* tragedy). The pathos is worth considering, however; more than any novel of the twenties, *An American Tragedy* reaches out to seek affinities with the society of the sixties.

Clyde Griffiths is an "outsider," an adolescent mortified by his parent's evangelical calling ("he felt ashamed, dragged out of normal life, to be made a show and jest of"), tortured by a persistent sense of exclusion:

> "The handsome automobiles that sped by, the loitering pedestrians moving off to what interests and comforts he could only surmise; the gay pairs of young people, laughing and jesting and the "kids" staring, all troubled him with a sense of something different . . . more beautiful than his, or rather their life."

The ineffectual progress of his family through "the walls of the commercial heart of an American city," with their organ, their tracts, and their incongruous sermonettes, throws Clyde against the world of "beauty and pleasure," projects him into a contrast with the "shabby thing" which is his life. He develops that adolescent belief that happiness is a commodity possessed by all persons save himself. His parent's faith becomes an empty formula, it simply doesn't pay off. The words of a defeated father sound hollow in the ear which listens for more exciting noises: " 'The love of Christ must eventually prevail . . . the pleasures and cares of the world hold a very great many, but when sorrow overtakes them, then some of these seeds will take root'."

But Clyde's parents have developed no fertile soil in their son, who is attracted irresistibly toward the "very great many." A dream is forming in the undeveloped mind, a dream to be more tangibly tenanted than the "remote and cloudy romance that swayed the minds of his mother and father." The vague rebellion gains impetus when Clyde's sister, Esta, runs away with a traveling man. Clyde is now convinced that "mission work was nothing. All this religious emotion and talk was not so much either. It hadn't saved Esta. . . ."

Clyde's background ("the teachings of his youth," his mother later calls it) has only a negative influence on his subsequent career. Moving by progressions towards realization of his dream (a sodajerk, then a bellhop in a commercial hotel from which he flees incognito after a fatal escapade with the bellhop set), he finds himself at last in Lycurgus, N. Y., bearing the name of one of that city's first families. Ignored for months by his illustrious relatives, he drifts into an affair with an equally lonely Roberta Alden, a worker in Clyde's "department" at the Griffiths' collar factory.

Suddeny and miraculously he is adopted as a curiosity by Sondra Finchley, progeny of another great Lycurgus family, who hopes to embarrass Clyde's snobbish cousin. Sondra's mother-instinct coincides with Clyde's rapture at being introduced into the power-boat set; they fall in love. Like Gatsby or a Hemingway hero, he teeters on the brink of fulfillment. Unable to surrender immediate gratification for futurities, however, he continues his liaison with Bert Alden; she becomes pregnant. Incapable now of foregoing his lofty aspirations, he lures her to a deep and lonely lake, rather unlike the aquaplaned surface on which he has cavorted with Sondra. There Clyde drowns the hapless girl – or does he – the murder is couched in an ambiguity which partially explains the haunting power of the book. But poor Clyde is not a skillful killer; he leaves a trail of clues and evidence which would convict ten men. Convicted he is, at a trial in which each side double-deals. His appeal is refused, clemency denied; "the door . . . was now open – to receive him – but . . . as quickly closed closed again on all the earthy life he had ever known."

Who or what is responsible for the pattern of events which has led Clyde to the electric chair? Is it Clyde's background, his family, those "peculiar parents . . . [who] were in no way sufficiently equipped to advise him"? Is it the rich uncle and jealous cousin who ignore him for so long in Lycurgus? Is it Clyde's weakness in seducing Roberta, or hers in not resisting him? Is it Clyde's moral cowardice in not swimming to her aid even while visions of the world he has gained pull him alone to the shore? Is it the fault of Sondra for adopting him out of somewhat malicious motives? Is a society to blame which beckons with its gilt-edged suc-

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cess symbols but supplies no concomitant moral code? Is it those "rearranging chemisms upon which all morality or immorality is based"? Is it the fault of the Law, capable of decisions based only on "evidence" which may well be beside the point? Questions are raised by this novel, not answered. The questions are ominously relevant today in a society which continues to promote the star-spangled dream with media far more pervasive than those which captured Clyde Griffiths.

The tragedy which Dreiser would have us consider is not the murder and subsequent execution; it is that *no one* learns anything from Clyde Griffiths' example; nothing is decided. Putting him to death has been no more a solution for society than killing Roberta had been for Clyde. Those in authority are perplexed in the extreme, yet must act out their parts within a framework which somehow doesn't fit the exigencies of Clyde's plight. "Never in my life have I faced a sadder duty," mumbles the Governor who cannot grant a reprieve.

Dreiser offers a chilling epilogue in which Esta's son, Russell, appears in the precise role in which Clyde was first presented – compelled along on the nightly street-singing, psalm-intoning wanderings of the forlorn missionaries. Clyde's mother hopes "a little vacantly" that *this* time . . . but the potential is presented again: "The small company, minus Russell, entered the yellow, unprepossessing door and disappeared." Russell has chased after an ice-cream cone. Is he destined to chase Clyde's empty dream, "show, pleasure, wealth, position, his eager and immutable desire"? This is the question which reaches so disturbingly into our world; this is the question which may explain the inescapably haunting quality of *An American Tragedy*.

Three Political Poems

by Reed Whittemore

My Nation's Hero

He is sad, my nation's hero,
Who weathers in his study, armed and ready,
With all his gear about him, logos, lotions,
Sad in the wind and wet,
Waiting at his window, wistful, watching
The pelting of his culture,
The leaves' elegiac drooping
And a house cat rampant in the rhubarb.

Waiting.
It is all a waiting.
It is all a dressing, folding, packing,
A lacing, strapping, filling, snapping,
For the unexpected call that will not come,
A waiting,
As the rain comes,
And the leaves pay tribute,
And the hero, faithful, weathers by his window,
Thinking of cats, culture and of his
Poor nation.

It Is Not Clear

It is not clear
Where we go from here,
Or, for that matter,
Who we're.

No Retreat

"I am in earnest. I will not equivocate. I will not excuse. I will not retreat a single inch. I will be heard." – *President Kennedy, quoting William Lloyd Garrison.*

We who must write GM a stinging letter
About the defective fuel tank on our Buick,
Who must purchase for baby a lightweight, foldable, washable,
Nylon-mesh-with-aluminum-buttons playpen,
And spread on our lawn a non-toxic lawn-food miracle;

Who've just been considering renting a Tuckaway cottage
Complete with a fibre-glass cruiser sleeping four
For July, and possibly August, on the North Shore,
Where the nights are cool and the Club has a weekly smorgasbord;

Who plan to subscribe next fall to the Kiplinger Newsletter
And to take a week off for a cultural fling at Christmas
At the theaters (off Broadway) and the U. N. (maybe) –

In earnest are we
In Geneva, Seoul, Jakarta, Karachi, Macao and (of course) West Germany;

Nor equivocate nor excuse will
In Amoy, Saigon, Llasa, Lambeth, Laos and Leopoldville:

Nor retreat
(If a case should arise) from Lemnos, Naxos, Chios, Sicily, Pantellaria, Malta or Crete;

But will heard be
From London, Paris, Rome, Athens, Vienna, Warsaw, Budapest, Prague, Moscow, Omsk and New Delhi
To ultima Thule.

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Gunther's New Look At Europe

by Percy Winner

In 1936, when John Gunther wrote *Inside Europe*, the Western world still was Eurocentric and most of his readers did not see behind his pleasantly personal and anecdotal style an apocalyptic vision of coming catastrophic change in the place and role of Europe. In the quarter of a century that separates the earlier book from *Inside Europe Today*, the most significant changes have been Europe's loss of control over mankind's destiny; the emergence of the United States as the leading world power; the transformation of the Soviet Union into a modern, scientifically and technically advanced state competing with the United States throughout the world; the development of permanent, total cold war; and, probably most important of all, the acquisition by an alliance of scientists, soldiers and statesmen – more of them outside Europe, in the United States and the Soviet Union, than inside it – of the technical knowledge and power to wipe out all mankind and, through it, the power to influence strongly, if not to dominate altogether, the formulation of political policy.

Inside Europe Today
by John Gunther
(Harper; $4.95)

When Europeans ran much of the world, individuals, groups, cliques, elites were in control. The American system is more nearly democratic; the average man or woman, therefore, needs to have access to information which he often has neither the time nor the taste to acquire.

Gunther's achievement is to have found and developed a formula by which great masses of Americans could learn, painlessly, even pleasantly, some of the things they needed to know about the rest of the world. His technique is the opposite of journalism in depth; he imparts information, always quickly, easily, brightly, cheerfully, and does not involve the reader in the more difficult process of acquiring knowledge. His concern is primarily with people, most of all with important or at least picturesque figures; with the kind of politics which needs no position papers or fine print, and with the social and economic elements only as adjuncts; with the anecdotal rather than the analytical.

The original *Inside Europe* was done after Gunther reluctantly gave up his ambition to move from the daily newspaper article to the novel; its success came, in fact, from the combination of the two. It is not that Gunther then, or later, gave fiction in place of fact; it is that he treated fact as if it were fiction, and learned that the best road to enlightenment – for Americans en masse – is through entertainment. Others have copied him but not nearly as well. If a very large number of Americans are beginning to understand and accept America's role in the world, to support the United Nations and such measures as foreign aid, Gunther deserves infinitely more of the credit than do *Reader's Digest* and *Time*.

Inside Europe Today is an expansion – three times as long – of an article in *Reader's Digest*. In between an introduction and a conclusion which develop the areas of change between the Europe of today and the one of a quarter of a century ago, the book is a notebook of the travels of perhaps the most seasoned political raconteur on earth. The sketches of Adenauer, de Gaulle, Macmillan bring out the author's ability to compress the impressions of his senses and the keenness of his intuition and insight into catchy and memorable phrases, but through it all there is an overtone of regret that there are so few of the "great" in this Europe, they are so old and bound soon to disappear. Europe's tomorrow intrudes upon its today: "a new generation of rulers is bound to reach power in the near future, with consequences that are largely unpredictable." The changes from the past give Gunther little trouble; in fact he says or implies again and again that they should be obvious (to the reader of the Guntherian compendia) – the disappearance of the tyrants, despots, dictators; the threat now, not of another great war (because of a balance of annihilatory forces), but of continued cold war; the extension to Europe of the American frontier; the prosperity of Europe and the indifference of Europeans to politics as such because "people don't want to face painful facts."

The future is clouded because illuminating facts, painful or otherwise, are hard to come by – Western Europe "may become a new great power, if developments like the Common Market continue to make for growth and coalescence. . . . China may soon – uncomfortably soon – become a great power of the rank of Russia and the United States. . . . The most pressing and difficult problem in Europe is, after disarmament, Berlin and the future status of Germany," but except for hoping that the Western alliance will hold firm, in expressing optimism about the European forces of unity, such as the Communities, and some worry about the neutrals in Europe and the neutralists elsewhere, Gunther refrains from speculating. Between 1936 and 1961 Europe has changed "immeasurably, fantastically"; yet "democratic impulses are, by and large, comfortably in the ascendant in Western Europe." Looking forward, however, "What will be the effect on the world balance of power if part of Africa goes Communist or succumbs to chaos. . . . It must be faced that half the countries in the UN today, perhaps more, are neutralist, and vigorously hope to remain so. . . ." And a book which repeatedly adverts to the opinion that the greatest change is that there can be no general war concludes with Einstein's remark that if there is a World War III, the weapons of the fourth will be rocks.

The book is good Gunther, as good as it can be when the material worked is

"Dag Hammarskjold *has announced a new, greatly expanded United Nations deficit for 1961: quite a problem from his standpoint, because he doesn't have a real government to back him up. Now, if he had a real World Rule under World Law, he'd have, of course, a World Currency and a World Bank, and a World Printing Press, and the deficit would disappear in a swirl of World Paper Bank Notes, all printed in five languages, including Worldspeak.*"

From the current issue of NATIONAL REVIEW. Write to Dept. R-6, 150 E. 35 St., New York 16, N.Y., for free copy.

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poor Guntherianism. For the application of the novelist's interest and approach to journalism, there are simply not enough, and not colorful or significant enough, human beings in the Europe of 1961: the old men are on the way out, the young men on the way in are faces in crowds; "Western Europe has probably moved closer toward economic unity in the last twenty-five years than in the previous five hundred years" but politically – and politics is Gunther's field – Europe counts for no more, perhaps even less than Asia or Africa, as constituting the "needle of the balance" in the cold war. Between the lines of *Inside Europe Today* is a dirge for the political *belle epoque* and a haunting fear that the continent – and the world – may be on the verge of something "unpredictable" and, despite all the assurances of sound reason and common sense, too painful to contemplate by the authentic pioneer in the art of making daily history-journalism as pleasant as a good novel.

A Gentleman from Philadelphia

by Gerald W. Johnson

If any doubt existed that Francis Biddle is a man of extraordinary ability, this work should resolve it; for he has written a book largely devoted to the lives of the Philadelphia Biddles and has made it interesting. Indeed, it is more than interesting. It is frequently hilarious, and occasionally deeply moving. But the title is deceptive. A "casual" past, quotha! It is about as casual – that is, as careless and slip-shod – as a work by Flaubert, who would spend weeks deciding that *bleuatre* was the word to describe a field of unripe wheat. If jeweler's work is casual, so is this.

A Casual Past
by Francis Biddle
(Doubleday; $5.95)

It does not, however, fit neatly into any of the ordinary categories. It is autobiographical, historical, polemical; but it is not an autobiography, a history, or an apologia. It is a family chronicle, but one written strictly from the point of view of Francis and no other Biddle (it will probably render some of the others fit to be tied). It is hardly to be called a book of memoirs, since it starts in 1673, with the arrival on these shores of William Randolph of Turkey Island, Virginia, a progenitor of the author. Finally, it is not an account of Mr. Biddle's career in the public service, which culminated in his appointment to the office of Attorney-General of the United States.

Its one serious venture into historiography is its defense of Edmund Randolph, first Attorney-General of the United States, against an ancient charge of bribe-taking – and that was not really necessary, for modern historians are agreed that Edmund Randolph ("the chameleon on the aspen, ever trembling, ever changing," said his cousin John of Roanoke) was merely a chump, not a crook.

The best, yet still inadequate, description of the volume is that it is a self-portrait of an American aristocrat. It is inadequate because Biddle himself is portrayed inadequately; it is Cromwell with the warts, but without the genius that made him memorable. Nobody will discover from this book why Francis Biddle became Attorney-General of the United States, nor even why he was a brilliantly successful lawyer.

But any reader will discover here a fascinating personality, non-conformist to the core, witty, irreverent, occasionally eloquent, and not without a spark of malice. He is a traitor to his class, of course, as is every aristocrat who ever did anything worth remembering; for an aristocrat, here or in any other country, is the contemporary representative of a line in which the acquisitive instinct appeared early and lingered long. The acquisitive instinct does not lead to memorable deeds; it is the man who betrays it who is unforgettable.

Francis Biddle says that he determined to enter public service because it was time for some Biddle to do something other than make money, marry money, or waste money. There had been Captain Nicholas, after John Paul Jones, perhaps the ablest officer in the Revolutionary navy until he was killed in battle; and there had been Banker Nicholas, whose battle with Andrew Jackson shook the nation. But since the Banker none of the name had supplied so much as a footnote to history. Francis set out to supply the omission, and has done it twice, first by becoming Roosevelt's attorney-general, and again by furnishing us with this picture of an upper class that we are slow to admit exists in this partial democracy.

The latter may be the more important achievement, for the resurgence of this class in recent years is a development that is strangely neglected by observers of current affairs. Yet it is logical. When a family has had money enough long enough, some of its members are pretty sure to employ their leisure in studying the art of government; and if their intelligence is high enough to profit by education, that study will give them a marked advantage in political life. One thinks of the Roosevelts, the Tafts, the Lodges, the Stevensons, the Rockefellers, and now, perhaps, the Kennedys, as possessors of names that are in themselves political forces. Add, then, the leisure that money brings, and it is not strange that a young man bearing one of these names has a distinct advantage over those of his competitors whose patronymics have no historical significance.

Biddle's picture of this group is notable for its gaiety, which the stuffier members will construe as ribaldry. He does not hesitate to describe, in loving detail, the idiocies, as well as the merits of our aristocracy. He gives the best account as yet presented of the drama of Nancy Randolph, later Mrs. Gouverneur Morris; and he comes down as far as the unabashed maintenance of a gigolo by a *grande dame* of the generation preceding his; but he is at his best in describing the foibles of Biddles nearly, or quite, contemporary.

All of which will seem to the dull mere frippery, and to the light-minded, entertainment but nothing more. The perceptive, however, will find that it illuminates a neglected corner of this extremely complicated society; so – if one may say it without damning the book eternally – it is actually a social document.

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Southeastern Exposure to China

by Charles Burton Marshall

In the winter of 1958-59, Sripati Chandra-sekhar, a demographer from Madras, toured China. *Red China: an Asian View*, reporting his observations, leaves out of account the subsequent backtracking on communes and severe setbacks in agricultural production. These developments have some bearing on his estimates of the efficacy of the regime. The omission does not subtract from the interest and value of his main themes, which he states persuasively.

Red China: An Asian View
by Sripati Chandra-sekhar
(Praeger: $4 cloth; $1.75 paperback)

He went "curious, excited, and ready to be impressed." Much did impress him – for example, the unexpected general cleanliness of the place. The Communists had marshaled the populace against flies, rats, dogs and sparrows. Virtually none of these was to be seen anywhere. The author does not speculate on the possibility that the elimination of sparrows, a measure to enhance crops, improvidently resulted in an increase of insects of even greater destructive potential.

Evidences of social discipline also impressed him – no spitting in public, no tipping, no begging, no banditry, no prostitution, no cheating in small things such as change-making. There were "no longer any indolent persons, for indolence is not tolerated." He found women raised from traditional subjugation, arranged marriages abolished, and old people being cared for in state-operated homes rather than cast off in hopeless penury.

Notwithstanding such ameliorations, he "came back sad, stifled, and disenchanted." The regime so zealous for enforced reform had exacted an enormous price for its effectiveness. He cites 20 million as the number of lives exacted to enable the regime to establish its way. A simple expedient of compelling women to spy on each other had been an appreciable factor in curtailing prostitution. Overturning the traditional strength of the family system had been an essential condition to the regime's successes. This had been achieved by sowing "seeds of suspicion between one member and another in almost every family."

He asks: "Why did the Chinese give up their traditional and intimate loyalties so easily?" His answer is "simply that people do not like to face death. One can face social ostracism, economic disinheritance, and political persecution, but strong must be the soul that is ready to die for love of one's relations, especially when such love and emotion have been declared reactionary, unpatriotic, and unacceptable by society at large."

Endless harping on the theme of peace cloyed on him. "The people, the loudspeakers, the entire propaganda machine scream incessantly about peace," he recounts. "The Chinese want peace on the mainland, peace in Asia, peace in the whole world. Obviously, it was 'in pursuit of peace' that the Communists fought a bloody thirty-year civil war. In pursuit of the same objective, they fought in Korea.... Only to promote 'peace', they annexed Tibet. The current border disputes with India, Burma, Nepal, and Bhutan, we are solemnly assured, are also directed toward the same supreme ideal."

He got equally fed up on the "new sentiments of scholars groveling in the dust before Mao," whom they portray as "an incredible mixture of Buddha and Christ, Newton and Einstein, Plato and Kant, Hegel and Bertrand Russell, Garibaldi and Gandhi, Napoleon and Nelson, and, of course, Lenin and Stalin.... Mao is greater than all and any combination of them!"

Chandra-sekhar was no less appalled by binges of self-criticism within the

Sappho Skyanotis is 4½. She is so small, so young, so frail, she seems not quite real. If there are plans or hopes in her mind, they are for an end to the hunger pains in her stomach.

Sappho's parents lost their household goods, their flock of goats in a tidal wave. Their patch of land is now untillable because of the ocean salt. The parents often do without a meal in order to nourish Sappho. Such a small, frail life–

worth saving?

Love... friendship... hope through Save the Children Federation, you, your group, your school can bring love, friendship and material benefits to a child like Sappho. You will receive the photograph and story of the child you help and immediately begin a warm person-to-person relationship through an exchange of letters. Please fill in the coupon below so that a needy child in Greece, Korea, Lebanon, France, Italy, Finland, West Germany or Austria can look at the world with hope again.

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Enclosed is my first payment: $12.50 a month ☐ $37.50 a quarter ☐ $75 semi-annually ☐ $150 annually ☐
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communes – "like some strange mixture of KKK bigots, MRA confessors, and Stakhanovite champions."

Beyond all this was something "I am unable to lay my finger on" – some fearful draining away of human qualities by totalitarianism. He "did not make a single friend to whom [he] would care to write a personal letter [or one] who talked freely to me as man to man, and all the courtesies extended to me resulted from directives of the people in power."

The author views the world from coordinates in India. He is chagrined and bitter over China's spurning of his own government's obsequiously extended hand of friendship. He describes the great problem before Asia as how "to bring, within a reasonable period of time, both economic affluence and political freedom to those countries which have rejected communism and have chosen the free way of life" – lest, in fearful plight, they turn to the Communist method of attempting the required rate of capital formation. He only poses this enormous question. His only approach to an answer is an indication of a need for the United States to dig far, far deeper into its own pockets. It leaves the reader darkly mindful of how much beyond capital investment must enter into the requirements and wondering whether our pockets are deep enough anyway.

A Proposal for Economic Growth

by Alvin H. Hansen

The scheme presented in this little book is referred to as the "Baumol proposal." Seven contributors are listed, Princeton colleagues of the editors Knorr and Baumol. The reader should not assume, however, that these contributors necessarily sponsor the plan. In fact most of them, weighing the pros and cons, are extremely critical. This is especially true of Professors Quandt and Markham, but also, though perhaps in less degree, of Verba, Beza, and Patterson, and still less of Carmichael and Brown. Even the editors themselves, in a brief concluding chapter, carefully restate some of the more damaging criticisms. Still they cling to their scheme, albeit rather hopelessly and despondently.

What Price Economic Growth
by Klaus Knorr and William J. Baumol
(Prentice-Hall;
$3.45, cloth – $1.95, paper)

The plan has the merit of utter simplicity as an abstract statement, but the disadvantage of almost endless complexity in its implementation.

The proposal concerns the individual business firm. It offers pecuniary incentives to firms which can show a rate of growth of sales (or more precisely, value added in real terms) in excess of the target growth-rate set by the government for the economy as a whole. And it would penalize all firms that fail to reach the target growth-rate.

A special tax (say one percent of value added) would be applied to all firms regardless of their rate of growth. Offsetting that, a tax rebate is provided which varies with the growth record of each firm. The higher the growth rate the larger the tax rebate or subsidy. Firms reaching the national growth target (say 5 percent per year) would normally break even. Firms with slow rates of growth would be penalized since the tax would exceed the rebate. The tax-subsidy rate structure might be fixed or it might be adjusted in an anticyclical manner.

My guess is that the immediate effect of this scheme would be a tremendous intensification of the fierce struggle already going on between firms to capture a larger share of a given market. Competitive advertising would be handsomely rewarded. The effect might well be no larger national output but only a larger sales for the smartest salesmen. As the editors themselves point out their proposal is "hardly likely to evoke widespread enthusiasm."

Among the critical comments by the contributing authors are the following: (1) the plan is inequitable in that it would give a windfall to firms that are currently expanding through no effort of their own, while at the same time penalizing firms in industries that by their very nature are either stagnant or declining; (2) the plan could not be executed without constructing for each firm a price deflator in order to calculate the *real* value added – a task of staggering magnitude if indeed not insoluble, and which if attempted would prove very costly; (3) if the tax-subsidy structure were maintained unaltered over the cycle (as on the whole is favored) the scheme would intensify cyclical fluctuations; (4) the plan would conflict with anti-trust policy for it would tend to "accelerate the use of discriminatory pricing, tying contracts, exclusive dealing arrangements, unfair methods of competition, and a large array of predatory practices firms use to increase their sales at the expense of rivals."

In the current literature on economic growth (which the editors of this book profess to find "vague" and "unspecific") it is generally recognized that growth-rates can be increased by: (a) advances in technology, (b) tax incentives and interest rate policy designed to induce private enterprise to modernize its equipment, (c) development of natural resources, (d) improvement in the human factor.

Except for federal aid to education and a few special areas (most of them unspecified) public investment is regarded by the editors as "subversive of the system of private enterprise." Investment, it may be noted, is a term loaded with many meanings, and the editors nowhere define it. But since education is specifically exempted from condemnation it would appear the term as used includes investment in human resources (health, hospitals, housing, old peoples' homes, etc.) as well as investment in resource development, public utilities, urban re-development, etc. All of these involve heavy government investment throughout the free world. Still the system of private enterprise was never in a healthier state. Can it really be doubted that it was the development of the welfare state, including a heavy dose of public investment (far greater in Western Europe than in the US) that saved capitalism from the Marxian revolution and evolved instead the social democracies of the free world? It is a little late

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JULES FEIFFER

WHEN DO YOU THINK IT'S COMING?

I DON'T KNOW. **PRETTY** SOON.

WHAT DO YOU THINK IT'LL BE OVER? **BERLIN?**

BERLIN - MAYBE. FORMOSA, MAYBE. VIET NAM, MAYBE. THEY'LL FIND **SOMETHING.**

ARE YOU GOING TO FIGHT?

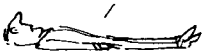
IT WOULD SEEM THE PATRIOTIC THING TO DO. I HAVEN'T MADE UP MY MIND.

I'M GOING TO GO ALONG WITH OUR LEADERS. THEY HAVE ACCESS TO INFORMATION **I** DON'T HAVE.

OBVIOUSLY THEY MUST KNOW WHAT THEY'RE DOING. THEY **ALL** HAVE DEGREES.

IF THEY SAY FIGHT, I'LL FIGHT. THE IDEA OF A DEMOCRACY IS THAT PEOPLE SHOULDN'T BE **FORCED** INTO ACTING THE WAY THE GOVERNMENT WANTS. THEY SHOULD DO IT ON THEIR **OWN.**

I DON'T CARE SO MUCH ABOUT ME - **I'VE** SINNED. BUT I **DO** HOPE THEY DON'T BLOW UP THE SEAGRAMS BUILDING.



8-27

IF THEY USE THE NEUTRON BOMB THEY WON'T EVEN **TOUCH** THE SEAGRAMS BUILDING.

THE NEUTRON BOMB? WHAT'S THE NEUTRON BOMB?

©'61 JULES FEIFFER

IT ONLY KILLS **PEOPLE.** IT DOESN'T HARM PROPERTY OR MACHINES.

DOESN'T HARM MACHINES, EH? **VERY** ENCOURAGING.

HOW SO?

THEN MOST OF US WILL BE SAFE.

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to take the austere position with respect to public investment which one finds in this volume.

Knorr and Baumol moreover argue that their plan aims to strengthen our national security without any substantial change in the "product mix." Growth in output might permit growth in defense expenditures without reducing the *share* of the Gross National Product going to consumers. Still they are prepared, if necessary, to reduce the *share* available for consumption. But they are sharply critical of all efforts to change the consumption mix. If consumer whims cause social waste, that is perfectly all right with Knorr and Baumol. They do not want someone "put in a position to decide what consumers' goods we ought to purchase." Nor, I venture to say, does anyone else. On this we would all agree.

Nevertheless every civilized society must be profoundly concerned about the consumption mix. No one wants to substitute a dictator for the market. That is not the problem. The problem is one of education; of truthful information to guide the consumer; of social values; of raising the standards of taste and judgment. All this changes the "mix." It does not displace the market.

MOVIES

Lightness and Laughter

Lightness of heart is not the same thing as laughter and is much more difficult to achieve in the theater. Mere technical skill can produce laughter, but gaiety is a mood and the one that looks false most quickly. Which of us has not at some time squirmed while watching merry revelers hoist *papier-mâché* tankards and declaim "Ha, ha, ha?"

All praise and all gratitude, therefore, to Philippe de Broca, the 27-year-old

The Joker (Lopert)
The Honeymoon Machine (M-G-M)
Come September (U-I)

Frenchman who is director and co-author of *The Joker*. In his first film, *The Love Game*, de Broca showed that he was able to capture high spirits without making them seem captive. In his second film he has created a *soufflé* so light and lovely that it produces two tandem effects: after the first five minutes we fear that it cannot be sustained; and after the first ten minutes we hope that it will never end.

The story concerns young Edouard who lives with his two illegitimate babies, his brother, his sister-in-law, his elderly uncle, and a pretty, submissive maid in a fun-fair house in Paris which makes Steinberg's cartoons seem prosy realism. Brother Guillaume is a photographer, his wife, Pilou, is a quasi-journalist, and the family makes its happy-go-lucky living by posing for historical murder photographs to illustrate Pilou's lurid texts. Edouard occasionally assists, but his chief occupation is to savor living.

The film is built around his love for a beautiful married woman, his eventual attainment of her, his realization that she has no wings, and his refusal to be earth-bound. The ending of the film is so abrupt that it forces you to consider *why* it is abrupt; and thus tells you more about Edouard and the theme.

The facile comparison for this film is with *You Can't Take It With You*, but it is as if that play had been written, not by two clever jokesmiths, but by a sexily irrepressible poet. This film's camera work is airily excellent, every scene is imaginatively articulated, but its unique achievement is its quality of movement, which is choreographic throughout. Indeed, Edouard and his family burst into actual dance at various moments, the way old Yiddish actors used to melt into song in the middle of long speeches, but aside from this, the whole film is conceived in terms of dance-like and musical movement, like a Chaplin or Tati film.

De Broca has clearly found "his" actor in Jean-Pierre Cassel, who also played the leading role in *The Love Game*. Cassel, lithe and lyric, endows Edouard with the somehow endearing egocentricity of the intensely affectionate. Genevieve Cluny, who, too, was in the first film, is charmingly and unconventionally logical as Pilou. That character is not to be confused with an actor named Palau who, as the uncle, is a master of courtly idiosyncracy. As the *princesse lointaine* Anouk Aimee is desirable and – eventually – understandably undesirable.

There is lilting music by George Delerue, and there are exceptionally good subtitles by Rose Sokol.

When one considers the complex technicalities of film-making, de Broca's achievement in creating a spontaneous, thistledown quality is all the more admirable. He has taken the *légèreté* that we have all felt part of the time and abstracted it to make a whole world.

Laughter is easier. Two American pictures are able to work up a considerable number of laughs without much originality and with absolutely no concern for what they are about. These are simply mechanisms made by industrious tradesmen who know how to construct a central gimmick and then festoon it with sub-plots and gags.

The gimmick in *The Honeymoon Machine* is an IBM computer aboard a US naval vessel that puts into Venice. A scheming lieutenant entices the young civilian superintendent of the computer to use it in order to beat a roulette table at the Venice casino. The civilian complies because he has just met again a rich girl he wants to marry and cannot do it without money of his own; so an elaborate ship-to-shore signal system is arranged. The picture runs out of plot long before it is finished but is given artificial respiration by Jack Weston with a droll vaudeville turn as a Dogberry signalman equipped with walkie-talkie. Jim Hutton, the civilian, and Paula Prentiss, his girl, have agreeable lanky Yankee humor, and the time passes almost painlessly.

Come September presents Rock Hudson as an American millionaire who owns a villa on the Italian Riviera and Gina Lollobrigida as a Roman modiste who meets him there every September. Unknown to his employer, the millionaire's major-domo runs the place as a hotel the other eleven months of the

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year (calling it La Dolce Vista). One year the owner and his lady arrive early for their rendezvous and find the place crawling with American teen-age tourists, who interfere with their immediate plans. The script, by the authors of *Pillow Talk*, has about as many gags as that film and of about equal quality.

Rock Hudson, in high comedy, is like a man doing a tap dance in a deep-sea diver's outfit. You know exactly what he is attempting and can feel only compassion. Miss Lollobrigida, whose waste and decline are too painful to discuss, is better here than she has been in most of her Hollywood films. Walter Slezak, the major-domo, gives us one more performance of his ingratiating rascal. (It is remarkable how much color and subtlety Slezak extracts from his relatively thin voice.)

Neither of these films can be urged on you. But if you should find yourself in a theater where the title of one or the other appears on the screen, you can be prepared to be battered into some laughter whether you like it or not.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

RECORDS

Great Voices from the Past

Those who heard Toscanini at the Metropolitan recall that his performances of Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* and *Die Goetterdaemmerung* were overwhelming, but that the ones to hear were those of early Verdi – *Il Trovatore* and *La Traviata*. We have the recording of his 1946 performance of *La Traviata* to establish that it was indeed something to hear; but for an idea of the *Tristan* and *Goetterdaemmerung* we have had only the tremendous performances of the Prelude and Finale of *Tristan* and the music of Siegfried's death and funeral procession from *Die Goetterdaemmerung* on RCA Victor LM-6020, and the one of the final scene of *Die Goetterdaemmerung* on LVT-1004. This last was recorded at, or after, a concert with the NBC Symphony in Carnegie Hall in 1941, at which Traubel also sang with Melchior in the first scene of Act 1 of *Die Goetterdaemmerung* (of which Toscanini used to play the orchestral abridgement called Dawn and Siegfried's Rhine Journey) and in the final scene of Act 1 of *Die Walkuere;* and these two performances have now been issued on LM-2452. Anyone who values this music will not want to miss these realizations of it, with their tonal beauty (the recorded sound is excellent), clarity of texture, rightness of pace, continuity of flow, plasticity of shape. And it doesn't matter that Melchior sings with constriction and effort, and Traubel's voice is afflicted with tremolo in the scene from *Die Walkuere.*

A number of the earliest-known and rarest Caruso recordings have been issued in Angel's Great Recordings of the Century series under the title *The Young Caruso* on COLH-119. With the exception of one Zonophone, they are recordings of the Gramophone and Typewriter Company series: eight of the famous ten that he made in two hours in March, 1902, including the "Questa o quella" from *Rigoletto,* "Una furtiva lagrima" from *L'Elisir d'Amore,* and "Celeste Aida" from *Aida;* eight of the nine that he made in November, 1902, including the "Amor ti vieta" from *Fedora* and Dream from *Manon;* the 1903 aria from *The Pearl Fishers;* and the 1904 Leoncavallo *Mattinata.* The accompanying notes quote Toscanini's exclamation after the 1901 La Scala *Elisir d'Amore:* "By God! If this Neapolitan goes on singing like this, he

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Herbert R. Coursen, Jr., *teaches at the Choate School.* Reed Whittemore *is an editor of* The Carleton Miscellany. Percy Winner *is a veteran foreign correspondent.* Charles Burton Marshall *is a member of the Washington Center of Foreign Policy Research.* Alvin H. Hansen *is Littauer Professor of Political Economy, Emeritus, at Harvard.*

A distinguished thinker applies himself to one of the most urgent problems facing us today: the inevitable conflict of communism and democracy.

REASON AND FAITH IN MODERN SOCIETY

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By EDUARD HEIMANN

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will have the whole world talking about him." But more relevant to the singing on this record is Toscanini's recollection in the forties: "He sing with me at La Scala in '99 and I write to Boito: 'You must come to La Scala to hear *Elisir d'Amore* with young tenor who sing like angel.' But in 1901 is already change; and in New York – I tell him: 'Yes, you make much money – but no! *no! NO!*' " For though the "Una furtiva lagrima" still shows evidence of Toscanini's guidance and restraint in the absence of the excesses of the later versions, the other performances are an exploitation of the voice exhibiting more power than finesse, and a sense for style in such vocal exploitation but little for proper phrasing – for example in the joining of *Ah* to *Celeste* and the break for breath between *Celeste* and *Aida*. The interest of the record is, then, entirely in the magnificent voice, which is somewhat muffled in the March, 1902, recordings but is clear and bright in the later ones, except for the aria from *Adriana Lecouvreur* (the notes, incorrectly, describe this one as unclouded and the *Fedora*, which is clear, as "dimmed and blurred," and also refer to a non-existent head tone in the aria from *The Pearl Fishers* but say nothing of the actual one at the end of "Celeste Aida").

For a performance of "Celeste Aida" in which one hears not only the most superb tenor voice after Caruso's but the operation of a musical sensibility that Caruso lacked, there is the one included in a second group of Bjoerling's recordings on Capitol G-7248. They offer also "Salut! demeure" from *Faust*, "Di quella pira" from *Il Trovatore* and "La donna è mobile" from *Rigoletto*, but not, regrettably, the "Ingemisco" from Verdi's Requiem.

The "Ingemisco" turns up on Rococo 31, offering the most superb piece of music and vocal performance on the record. This might be called *The Young Bjoerling*, since in addition to "Ah! si ben mio" from *Il Trovatore*, "Di tu se fedele" from *The Masked Ball* and a few other pieces sung in Italian it has "La donna è mobile" from *Rigoletto*, "Di quella pira" from *Il Trovatore* and several others recorded in Swedish at the beginning of Bjoerling's career.

Collectors Guild 0594 gives us the beautiful lyric tenor voice and style of the famous Leonid Sobinoff in seven arias from Russian operas, including Lensky's two arias from *Eugene Onegin*, and seven from Italian and French operas and *Lohengrin* – one excerpt from that opera offering beautiful singing also by the soprano A. Neshdanova. The transfers of the acoustical recordings achieve clearer and more satisfying reproduction of Sobinoff's voice than did the ones on the earlier Rococo record.

As for performances of today, the one of *La Traviata* on Victor LM and LSC-6154 has the lovely and expressive singing of Anna Moffo, sonorous singing by Richard Tucker, whose voice lacks the luster and ease of flow that the music calls, for good singing by Robert Merrill, and effective pacing of the work by Previtali. The orchestra and chorus are those of the Rome Opera.

Victor LM and LSC-2506 have the soprano Leontyne Price's performances of Leonora's two great arias from *Il Trovatore*, taken from the complete recording, and her additional beautiful performances of "Ritorna vincitor" and "O patria mia" from *Aida*, with Puccini arias on the reverse side.

The mezzo-soprano Teresa Berganza, on London 5591 and OS-25225, uses her fine voice impressively in "Che puro ciel" and "Che faro" from Gluck's *Orfeo*, "Divinités du Styx" from his *Alceste*, "O del mio dolce ardor" from his *Elena e Paride*, "Piangero la sorta mia" from Handel's *Julius Caesar* and other 18th-Century arias. Alexander Gibson conducts the orchestra of Covent Garden. B. H. HAGGIN

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Correspondence

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The US and AT&T

Sirs:

Although there are no doubt good reasons why the satellite communication network should be handled by private industry rather than the government, the arguments given in the editorial "US and AT&T" (August 7) are among the least convincing that have been advanced. To name just two: the fact that other nations might charge less for space phone calls poses no problems that the present system of underwater cables does not involve, and in no way reflects on their "contributions to the upkeep of the global system." Secondly, the fact that programs carried over the network might contain slighting references to Communism is not a compelling reason for making the broadcast "an ordinary commercial product" during a time when government and private agencies spend millions, if not billions, of dollars persuading committed and uncommitted peoples of the drawbacks of Communism. Surely private control of the satellite system can muster better arguments than these.

Ronald Steel
New York, N.Y.

In reply:

The New Republic set forth six considerations which may have influenced the Administration's policy in this field. The first (and most important) is that there is no space communications system to share, divide or monopolize at the present time; and since it is an experimental technology, a joint government-industry research effort is in order. Mr. Steel comments only on a part of the fifth consideration, and on the last. There will of course be difficulties in securing international agreements on "rates, channels, frequencies, cooperation among companies and connections with foreign communications systems. . . . But these potential difficulties are dwarfed by the troubles that could arise between Western countries and the Soviet bloc [over radio and TV broadcasts]." Communists normally assume the US fights the Cold War on all communications media and thus have grounds for endless complaint. Our suggestion was that it behooves us, therefore, to prepare for such developments by adopting a policy which would enable us to point out that our space system program material is an ordinary commercial product prepared, in the first instance, for an American audience – which is exactly what we do when the Soviets object to such things as Herblock cartoons. THE EDITORS

Should We Veto the Troika?

Sirs:

Roger Fisher's "Should We Veto the Troika?" (August 21) is ingenious, but altogether unpersuasive. He analogizes the troika to the jury system where unity is required. But he overlooks the fact that great pains are taken to secure impartiality in the jury, whereas the troika proposes to place veto power in the hands of the inordinately suspicious and biased ruling group of the USSR.

From the first the Soviet Union has been greatly mistrustful of the United Nations, joining it only to protect its "sovereignty," eager to weaken United Nations at every point, as it has again and again demonstrated.

The past 15 years of United Nations make it clear that what the whole world most needs to promote world peace is greater use of the healing influences of the United Nations, greater authority in it to resolve conflicts that may lead to war. The Soviet Union is the master-weakener of its highly limited powers.

It is plain that the troika is simply one more effort of the Soviet Union to limit still further the usefulness of the United Nations. *Benjamin H. Kizer*
Spokane, Washington

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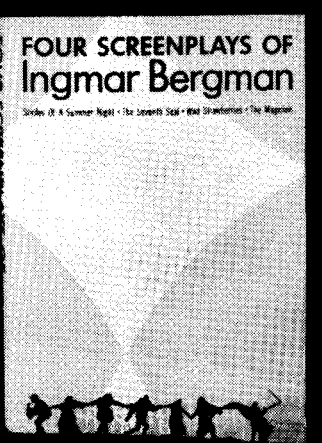

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